

THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. COLXXXIX

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"DULCE ET DECORUM."

O young and brave, it is not sweet to die,
To fall and leave no record of the race,
A little dust trod by the passers-by,
Swift feet that press your lonely
resting-place;
Your dreams unfinished, and your song
unheard—
Who wronged your youth by such a
careless word?

All life was sweet—veiled mystery in its
smile;
High in your hands you held the
brimming cup;
Love waited at your bidding for a
while,
Not yet the time to take its challenge
up;
Across the sunshine came no faintest
breath
To whisper of the tragedy of death.

And then, beneath the soft and shining
blue,
Faintly you heard the drum's in-
sistent beat;
The echo of its urgent note you knew,
The shaken earth that told of march-
ing feet;
With quickened breath you heard your
country's call,
And from your hands you let the goblet
fall.

You snatched the sword, and answered
as you went,
For fear your eager feet should be out-
run,
And with the flame of your bright youth
unspent
Went shouting up the pathway to
the sun.
O valiant dead, take comfort where you
lie.
So sweet to live? Magnificent to die!
Punch.

OUR MEN.

They watch o'er us!
Upon the waste of waters,
Through sultry nights, through days of
blinding heat,
Or where the winds, far up in northern
quarters,
Over the waves weave their gray wind-
ing-sheet;
They keep their guard as faithful, true,
and tender
As mother o'er her child.
Watch, Thou, o'er them, O Father and
Defender,
Who watch o'er us!

They fight for us!
On sea, in trench, o'er mountain,
They struggle on through storm and
shot and shell;
O'er sandy desert, past the poisoned
fountain,
They still press on against the hosts of
hell;
They fight for Right, holding their flag
the faster,
As fought the saints of old.
Fight, Thou, for them, our Captain and
our Master,
Who fight for us!

They die for us!
Ah, thought of awful sorrow!
In their fair youth they die, in their full
age,
In torment and alone, that our own
morrow
May bear no shame or stain upon its
page!
Laying their lives down gladly for some
other
Poor friend, perchance unknown.
Receive their souls, their Saviour and
their Brother—
They died for us!

Chambers's Journal.

Kate Mellersh.

PRESIDENT WILSON IN THE TOILS.

Either a bargain has been struck between Berlin and Washington or else the United States Government has been jockeyed by German diplomacy into a position from which new controversies will inevitably arise to succeed those now alleged to have been disposed of. In either case the American people may with reason look forward with some uneasiness to possible developments of the near future. It is announced that a settlement agreeable or at least acceptable, to both sides has been reached in the *Lusitania* case, and even the *Times* of London credits President Wilson with a diplomatic victory.

On the other hand, it is announced from Berlin that on and after March 1st the German naval force, or such part of it as is operative outside of German waters, will sink all "armed merchantmen" without warning and without regard to neutral lives or property which may be involved in the disaster. The German Ambassador to Washington has interpreted this announcement to the American public in such a way as to soften its wording considerably, though it remains to be seen whether his interpretation is authorized or even warranted. He is reported as follows: "That it was inconceivable there would be any attacks on passenger vessels, whether armed or not. He holds that that principle was established in the *Lusitania* negotiations, and will be rigorously obeyed by the German Admiralty. The new order, in the view of the Ambassador who has exchanged long communications with his Government about it, relates primarily to armed freight ships which carry munitions and food supplies to the Allies. Americans do not travel in such ships, the Ambassador contends, and therefore he sees no danger of complications on that score, especially since the Ameri-

can Government, by virtue of its previously announced views in Secretary Lansing's circular note on submarine warfare, is by implication bound to warn citizens of the hazards of travel on armed belligerent ships."

It does not seem possible that Germany would make such an announcement within a few days of making the agreement with the United States Government on the *Lusitania* case without knowledge, or at least a belief, that such a course would be held by Washington to be beyond its jurisdiction. On January 31st, in Chicago, it was given out that President Wilson favored action by Congress forbidding American citizens to travel "on merchant ships of belligerent nations." The Secretary to the President, Mr. Tumulty, denied this statement most emphatically. "The President stands today where he has always stood on that question," said Mr. Tumulty. It will be noted, however, that no question of "armed" merchantmen was involved in this report or in the denial of its accuracy.

The fact that the Allies have been interrogated by Washington as to the possibility of an international agreement either to disarm or refrain from arming all merchantmen would indicate some previous knowledge on the part of the American Government of Germany's intended attempt to renew promiscuous submarine activity; or it could easily be construed as circumstantial evidence of conversations, or even of an understanding with Germany as to some future course to be pursued or a position to be taken. On the other hand, President Wilson, having disposed of the *Lusitania* affair, and seeking means whereby new controversy with Germany might be avoided, may have merely expressed a hope to

render merchant vessels immune to submarine attack without warning, in his Note to the Allies suggesting disarmament. The German Government, ever alert for just such an opening, may have seized upon this suggestion of America to the Allies to support its own contention as to the status of armed enemy merchantmen, and at the same time attempted to commit President Wilson to a policy harmonious with what was originally intended merely as a tentative suggestion put forward in hopes of preventing further loss of merchant ships and the lives of non-combatants.

The United States Government has always asserted the right of a merchantman to arm "for defense." The point to which such defensive armament can be carried and the circumstances governing its possible and lawful use are still matters of controversy, and always will be, for there is seldom an agreement between adversaries in their account of the circumstances of an attack. German submarine commanders will undoubtedly assume that all Allied merchantmen are armed. To prove that this was not true in any particular case is not of much avail after the ship is sunk and the crew and passengers murdered. Two courses are open to the Allied Governments; one is to send all merchantmen to sea with absolutely no armament, even for defense, and the other is to develop defensive armament on all merchantmen to such a point as to be really effective. To provide no armament places all Allied ships at the mercy of German submarine commanders, who have in the past acted regardless of all international law, regulations, agreements, or even the first principles of humanity. To arm all merchantmen for defensive purpose only, retains for them the rights of all merchant ships when in neutral harbors and on the high seas under all previous rulings of

international law as agreed to by England and the United States, and at the same time gives them a fighting chance in case of submarine attack. It may be assumed that the latter course will be adopted, for indeed it has already been unofficially announced that this decision has been communicated to all neutral Governments.

All this leads us back to where the American Government is floundering in some apparent bewilderment and indecision. The point of interest therefore at this time of writing is as to the position which will finally be taken by President Wilson and his advisers. One of several courses is apparently open to be followed. Protection can be withheld from American citizens or property carried on armed merchantmen of belligerent nations, or the degree of armament which can be carried by a merchantman to still retain the right of unlimited use of neutral ports may be defined, and the demand made of Germany that neutrals shall be permitted to use such ships with safety to human life under such conditions as have heretofore been agreed to by the American Government. This latter course would be a direct challenge to Germany in the face of the recent proclamation promising the destruction without warning of all armed merchantmen from March 1st. Hence the not unwarranted conclusion before mentioned, either that the United States Government is preparing to modify its position as to merchantmen armed for defense, or that the German Government, having secured a settlement of the *Lusitania* case and a dinner for the German Ambassador with the American Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as the host, is now prepared to start afresh upon new fields of controversy with the American Government, confident of the effectiveness of future notes of explanation, or even, if necessary, of apologies and indemnities.

The Congress of the United States has been in session since December. The effect of the gathering in Washington of the Democratic leaders from all parts of the country has been apparent in American procedure in foreign affairs almost from the first day of the session. Before December President Wilson was acting largely upon his own initiative and entirely upon his own responsibility. After that date he was in a position to consult with Congressional leaders of his own party, who, by the same token, had his ear in their daily proceedings, and he could at any moment shift the entire responsibility for any position assumed by the Government from his own shoulders to those of the Congressional body as a whole, a course for which he has many precedents in past international crises. On Congress rests the sole authority to declare war. It follows, therefore, that in the handling of all matters which suggest the possibility of war the Executive must subordinate his own actions to the will of that group of men to whom in the end he must go for approval, otherwise he might find himself a discredited and humiliated leader. It is from this point of view, therefore, that all American affairs must now be considered. With Congress in session the opinions of a majority of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Senate and the small group of men who rule the destinies of the House of Representatives in the interest of the Democratic party now in power become of supreme importance, the President himself, excepting for such personal and political influence as he may wield, taking second place. If he be a strong man he can impress his views and exert his influence to marked extent; but if he be overruled he must submit, as gracefully as may be, and in such manner as to save his own face and the political fortunes of his party; but submit he must, for he can do nothing without

the aid and approval of Congress, as many Presidents before Mr. Wilson have discovered to their political cost and personal discomfiture.

In many ways this state of affairs influences the President, even when Congress is not in session; for should a great crisis arise a special session must then be called to put into operation the highest power of the Government. Over the entire administration of the highest executive office, throughout every day of the year, Congress or no Congress, there is thrown, therefore, this threatening shadow of a higher authority, which has the supreme power of investigation and final judgment upon the words and acts of the President. It has been the rule that what the President has done when Congress is not in session has been confirmed later when the session was in progress, but there are a sufficient number of exceptions to make any occupant of the White House tread with care in important paths and procrastinate over great decisions until he can know that the legislative body will support positions assumed. This is especially true in the field of foreign affairs, for Congress is jealous of its prerogatives. Even should a President be so firmly convinced of an error of foreign policy as expressed in Congressional enactment as to veto a measure that had received Congressional approval, Congress can retaliate by passing the law over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote, and this has occurred many times, so often, in fact, that the boldest of Executives have hesitated to put their strength to the test as often as they may have wished to do so.

It is to Congress we must now look, therefore, and not to President Wilson, for a definition of American foreign policies in the immediate future, and the effect of the recent transfer of American international dealings from the single mind which rules the White House to the more complex and vari-

ously influenced intelligence which dictates Congressional action is easily apparent in the events of today. Through a provision of the American fundamental law of Government, treaties may be made by the Executive, but before they can go into effect they must be ratified by the Senate. In recent years it has been successfully contended that all treaties affecting the revenue of the Government must be ratified by the House as well. In other words, they must pass Congress in the same manner as an ordinary act. The treaty-making power of the Senate, however, has given that body a commanding position in all matters of foreign policy. The late John Hay, when Secretary of State, negotiated a score of treaties which, when submitted to the Senate, never again saw the light of day; in fact, they never reached the stage of being voted upon. The process is simple, for when a treaty goes to the Senate it is first referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and unless approved it is never seen or heard of again. Hence it naturally follows that the President in all international matters of importance seeks the advice and approval of this Committee; in fact, this body of men becomes of far greater importance on such occasions than the Cabinet itself.

Under the unwritten political law of the Senate, a majority of all the Committees is of the party in power. The chairmanships of the Committees are the big plums for the members of the Senate, and, as a rule, the chairmanship goes to the ranking member of each Committee in period of service. The workings of this system are not always felicitous. Under a Republican Administration, Senator H. C. Lodge, of Massachusetts, would have been the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Senator Lodge is one of the ablest and most cultured men in public life in Washington, and he has

been there many years. While not an Anglophile, his speeches in the Senate since the war began have shown a vast understanding of what was going on in Europe and a marked sympathy with the aims of the Allied nations. Unfortunately, Senator Lodge is an Opposition member of Congress, so he is only the leader of the minority on the Foreign Affairs Committee, while a Democrat of the most provincial type of American, utterly untrained in foreign affairs and with amazingly crude ideas as to international amenities holds this important chairmanship, and few of the majority of the Committee have any more knowledge or experience in foreign affairs than the chairman.

It is to this body of men that the President must go, not necessarily for advice but for information as to the temper of Congress and for assistance and approval in his conduct of any really critical situation that may arise. In this situation may be found the explanation of any changes that have taken place in the American position on international questions in the past few weeks; and the reason for any changes which may be made in the near future, and for any lack of clarity or decisiveness which might now characterize American foreign policy. When this foreign policy was directed by a single mind and will, as was the case for some months in 1915, when Congress was not in session, there was little doubt as to the position taken by the United States Government or the purpose in view. Whether foreign or home judgment was favorable or not to such position or purpose does not alter the fact that it was President Wilson's mind and his will that guided the ship of State. He laid the course as far from troubled waters as was possible and paid no heed to the demands of some of his passengers that the course be directed nearer to the area of belligerency, or to the demands of others that he expose the ves-

sel to even less danger. He has been severely criticised, both at home and abroad, for his seamanship, and it was probably with some relief that he saw Congress gathered together and realized that with that body would now rest the real responsibility for America's course during the months to come. He carried the burden long and with apparent serenity, and no man other than himself could probably estimate the weight and dangerous character of the load that was placed upon him. His sense of relief is shown in the fact that he now feels at liberty to leave Washington personally to urge upon the people such legislation as he believes the country now needs, and, incidentally, to attempt to place himself right before the voters, who will be called upon next November to pass judgment upon his work as President.

With the foreign affairs of the nation in the President's hands, there was small opportunity for influence to be brought to bear to swerve him one way or another from his own conclusions. With the foreign affairs of the country largely in the hands of a group of politicians with great personal interests at stake, with scant knowledge of the international forces that play across the face of Europe, and influenced by a provincialism which marks those who dwell in the interiors of all continents, there is always room for the trouble-maker, always an opening for a dividing wedge. The secret of successful law-making is compromise. Little wonder is it, therefore, that when law-makers stop for the moment to devote their half-hearted attention to the foreign affairs of their country, some compromise should be their first avenue of escape from a disagreeable situation which threatened to divert public attention from themselves. Successful politicians rarely hew close to the line on a matter of principle, and therein lies the difference between a

successful politician and a great statesman or a Foreign Secretary indifferent to the party caucus. It has often been said that the United States has had no fixed foreign policy excepting possibly the principles laid down in Washington's farewell address and the so-called Monroe Doctrine. There is so much truth in this that each administration in Washington feels free to establish its own foreign policy and to modify its own position at will, for there is no beaten track upon which to travel.

With President Wilson the protagonists of either side in the war had no opportunity. With Congress in session there are many channels, some open and above-board and others less in evidence, through which those who are interested can exert more or less influence. As a rule, it is those who should have no influence who work the hardest to effect it and who are often successful. With a knowledge of political conditions that now prevail in Washington and throughout the United States it is not difficult to prophesy: but in these days, when prophets are without standing, having been thoroughly discredited, it is best to state the reasonable expectation, rather than to be too definite or positive. What the politicians want now in America and for the months to come is a continuation of the *status quo* and an absence of great controversies, upon which the voters might align themselves for or against the party in power.

The Democratic party goes before the voters next autumn for judgment. It came into power with less than a majority of the votes of the country, owing to a split in the Opposition; for Taft and Roosevelt so divided the Republican vote as to elect Wilson. The Republicans will probably unite upon a single man as a candidate this year, and the Democrats are painfully aware that their hold upon public office is somewhat precarious. Mem-

bers of Congress are more nearly influenced by political considerations than is the President, and to hold fast to the regard of as many voters in their constituencies as possible, hyphenated as well as unhyphenated, is their first object. Hence it is that we see members from communities where German influence is strong advising leniency with German misdeeds, and even in some cases, advocating pro-German action. Mr. Bartholdt, for instance, was once a member of Congress from St. Louis, a city with many voters of German origin, and since the war began Mr. Bartholdt has been well to the front as a leader in German propaganda.

This feeling of political insecurity intensifies what many members of Congress are pleased to call their sense of neutrality, and, with Congress responsible for American foreign policy, a certain haziness of purpose and a marked desire to compromise with realities is a noticeable feature of the present situation. In such a matter as the controversy with Spain the politicians had no doubts as to the popular and politically profitable course. There were few voters of Spanish origin or sympathies, and the cause of the starving Cubans appealed to all. In the case of the European war, however, the outlook is confused, the situation complex, and the political ground full of pitfalls for the unwary. A majority of the members have no knowledge of international affairs, and many of the Democratic leaders are of the type of Mr. Bryan, who in a single trip round the world accumulated a greater mass of misinformation than seems possible for one single brain to catalogue.

In these circumstances it is not difficult to summarize the Congressional attitude towards the war. A continued neutrality; indiscriminate advocacy of the "rights of neutrals"; an impartial criticism of all parties to

the war; expansive oratory or non-controversial features of the conflict; bluff where it is thought it will prevail; and, failing that, compromise in all situations which threaten to pass from the "acute" diplomatic stage to a point where something must actually be done. This does not mean that there are no men in Congress who will hew to the line of intelligent conviction, for there are, and in their utterances may be found the real spirit of the unhyphenated American people, that sheet-anchor which holds the nation to its moorings in spite of all.

Never has there been afforded in America, a more startling example of the power of leadership for good or evil than in the past eighteen months. There is latent in every community a passionate desire for justice and right. If this be aroused it astonishes by its strength. Owing to the lack of real information among the mass of the American people as to conditions in other countries, and the spirit of what is best in other nations, Americans are dependent upon those they have chosen for leaders to interpret for them these foreign voices. The material is plastic. A skillful leader can make what he will out of it, for among the components are all the elements needed for almost any form of spiritual structure. Every strong President has grasped this great truth and worked to it, some to the advantage and some to the disadvantage of the nation. McKinley developed his Protection ideas, not from the technical industrial knowledge of the people, but from the desire of the community that conditions should be better in America than they were in the Old World. Roosevelt developed from a merely unorganized feeling of dissatisfaction with things as they were a monster wave of public demand for honesty in the administration of public and private business. Wilson, without the personal magnet-

ism of either of the men mentioned, and by reason of his own temperament, took the widespread desire for peace and prosperity which exists in the American community, and created from it a national policy all out of proportion in urgency and importance with other and more fundamental attributes of the American character, attributes which lead to the field of conflict, rather than to the slough of compromise. It has been a question of leadership, and of mistaken leadership, at a time when a Washington or a Lincoln was needed to set American footsteps upon the right path. The American nation took the wrong turning at the cross-roads, one which has led the people far astray, because of a leader who mistook the din of a battle for the right for the noise of a common brawl. In time the nation will find its way back into the world's highway, but precious opportunities have been lost the meanwhile.

Whether Mr. Wilson and his party will save the political day through thus temporizing with great issues remains to be seen. Mr. Garrison, the American Secretary for War, the strongest, in fact, the only, strong man in the Cabinet, has resigned because he disagreed with the course of events as shaped by his chief. The resignation is ascribed to a difference of opinion as to the way in which the armed forces of the United States should be strengthened, but it is whispered that his resignation was also a protest against the form of the *Lusitania* settlement, which is possible, for when this settlement was announced there was little jubilation, some discomfort rather, because the feeling would not down that America had been worsted in a diplomatic encounter. It is not difficult to understand how impossible it would be for a man with strong convictions and no political axe to grind with compromises to remain in Mr.

Wilson's Cabinet at this time. Matters are reaching a stage in Washington where it would be quite in order for the President to ask Mr. Bryan's pardon and invite him to return to a post at the right hand of the Executive.

The latest news from Washington as this is written forecasts the acceptance by the United States Government of the German contention that merchant ships must not carry armament if they are to be immune from destruction without warning. It would be extremely difficult to reconcile this with previous declarations made by the Washington Government, were it not for the fact that Congress is in session, and thus a new power is behind the throne. In the past the Republicans have always been returned to power as much by the mistakes of the Democrats as by their own efforts. It now looks as though history would again repeat itself, for the leading American newspapers are protesting vigorously against such a change in the American position as is thus indicated, and intelligent and patriotic Americans are made more than uncomfortable by this attitude of their Government. Unfortunately, even if Mr. Wilson should be defeated for re-election in November he will remain in power until March 4th, 1917, and in that time he can carry the country far on its present course of compromise. Not to call the German claim bluffs is un-American, and, being so, it will prove to be bad politics as well.

P.S.—Since the above was written it has been decided in Washington in response to aroused American public opinion, but by a divided council, that the United States shall adhere to the long-recognized principle of international law that the arming of merchantmen for defense is permissible and does not deprive them of their peaceful character. Germany has been asked to define

in writing the submarine policy to be followed by the German Navy from now on, and acceptance of the *Lusitania* settlement has been held up pending the outcome of this new

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situation. It is also reported that another neutral, Sweden, has forbidden her subjects to travel on ships belonging to belligerent nations.

James Davenport Whelpley.

VICTORY AND THE ALTERNATIVE.

The debate in the House of Commons on January 10 on a future economic war with Germany aptly illustrates and confirms one of the points raised in my article in the January number of this *Review*.* The House was invited by Mr. Hewins to discuss the consolidation of the economic resources of the Empire for the more effective prosecution of the War. Instead of doing so it insisted on discussing conditions after the conclusion of peace and assumed the continuation of hostilities, which would be merely transferred to the economic field. This implies the unconscious acceptance of an inconclusive peace to which I drew attention. It assumes a termination of the War which would leave Germany essentially unchanged. In all these projects and speculations Germany is viewed as an enemy State, forced to drop armed conflict for the time being but still animated by the same sentiments and bent on the same policy as before. That is why an economic war is thought necessary. Its object is to keep her down, to prevent her from acting on those sentiments and pursuing that policy. In other words, it is to finish off the War, which implies failure to do so in the field. The only other purpose it can serve is to gratify the feelings of indignation and horror aroused by the German atrocities. It is vindictive, a sort of revenge or reprisal, but neither the right sort nor adequate to the offense.

The economic war contemplated by these proposals differs from ordinary

commercial competition such as existed before between ourselves and Germany, and such as still exists between ourselves and other States. It sets Germany in a place apart which is not even shared by the other enemy countries. No one urges the future economic strangulation of Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria. Nor is this distinction due merely to Germany's superior capacity for competition. The United States is a still more formidable competitor, and industrial rivalry is even more acute in that direction; but it is peaceable and friendly. That sort of competition is regarded without fear. British manufacturers and traders consider themselves fully equal to it. *A fortiori* they consider themselves equal to German competition, as they did before the War. The Germans have deluded themselves into the belief that consciousness of their commercial superiority and of our inability to cope with them in that field is the motive which induced us to invoke war. It is as far from the truth as the delusion that we invoked war.

No, ordinary economic rivalry does not call for a boycott of Germany or anything of that sort. Such aggressive measures are urged against her as an enemy country, still cherishing plans of aggrandizement, and therefore to be kept in a state of financial incapacity to realize them. The same treatment is not urged against the other enemy States because they are not regarded in the same light, though they have begun to qualify under German domination. If they were thought capable of similar designs it would be just as desirable to

* "The Only Way to Lasting Peace," *THE LIVING AGE*, March 11, 1916.

keep them down in the same way.

Surely it is plain that the international situation implied by this future attitude towards Germany would be just that inconclusive peace which everyone professes to repudiate on the side of the Allies, but which Germany desires to secure. A peace dependent not on any internal change in Germany but solely on forcible repression exercised by other Powers would not be real peace, and could not possibly be lasting.

Yet we are at present drifting towards it, and unless the problem is much more clearly understood and more consciously faced, there is more than a chance that we shall drift into it before the public understands what is happening and what the consequences will be. Let me explain.

We have turned a bad corner in the War, and the position as a whole is improving. The enemy, having failed to put Russia out of action in the summer, has begun to weaken visibly, and must go on weakening both relatively and absolutely. He is gradually passing from the offensive to the defensive, and on a favorable view we may fairly hope that in due time the process will be complete all along the line. It began on the Western front, which is the most important; and towards the close of last year it became established on the Eastern front also. His offensive is not exhausted on either, but it is dwindling; it is only still vigorous in the Southern theatre. This is the obscure point in the present situation, and probably no one is in a position to predict with any certainty what will happen there. At the moment of writing there is a lull while the enemy is gathering strength for a further thrust forward and the Allies are preparing to resist it. Let us take the most hopeful view and assume that they are successful. In any case the War will not be decided, though it will be influenced, by what happens there.

It will be decided, if it is decided by fighting at all, in the main theatre, which is the West.

Still taking the most favorable view we will assume that the offensive passes fully to the Allies both in the East and in the West. The hope is, I suppose, that the enemy, now weakened and unable either to rush troops backwards and forwards, or to bring up large reserves, will be broken at one or more of certain salient points. And if we possess the reinforcements and the armament required, there is a good prospect that this may be done. Then will come the critical time. If one may judge from what one hears, people here vaguely anticipate a general collapse of the enemy when once his defense is broken through. But this expectation is based on nothing more substantial than a vague hopefulness, and it is in the highest degree improbable. There might be an Austrian collapse if Russia once more swept across Galicia in force and successfully attacked Hungary; but to expect a German collapse would be folly. The Germans have foreseen every possibly contingency and will by then have had a year and a half to perfect their preparations against any reverse. And the rulers of Germany cannot afford a collapse because it would mean an end of them. They would go any lengths to avoid it, and they would have two strings to their bow. In the first place they would have their several lines of defense designed and equipped to make our advance as difficult—that is as costly—as all their experience and means can make it. What that implies we know only too well from the terrible experiences of the advances carried out in the spring and autumn. And under the conditions assumed by this forecast their defense would be more deadly than ever before. They would not be taken by surprise, and they would be desperate. To

expect anything else after all the lessons of this War, and to imagine a sort of *sauve qui peut*, general flight after the old style—which seems to be in the minds of a good many people—is an idle dream. I do not say their defense could not be overcome. Our means of attack would be far more powerful than they were even in the autumn, assuming that the Amalgamated Society of Engineers permits the execution of the Government scheme of production—and I would observe parenthetically that unless this condition is fulfilled there will be no chance of an effective advance at all. But, even with the heavier guns now being turned out and the most ample supply of ammunition, advance will be exceedingly costly.

That is the first string to the German bow—the costliness of the advance and its deterrent influence on pushing the offensive relentlessly forward. The second is the converse. It is the inducement towards peace which Germany would be in a position to offer. She has a great deal in hand to bargain with, and very substantial attractions to offer without giving up all that she has gained. She has something of great material value for each of the Allies except ourselves. I say Germany, because her will is paramount, but of course the other Central Powers are included. The war policy of Germany has always kept in view the contingency of bargaining for peace, and has aimed at having the wherewithal to buy off each of the Allies. This lies at the back of the successive advances in different directions undertaken while the old ones are left unfinished. The southern offensive has been described as a desperate gamble, and complacently interpreted as a sign of conscious failure elsewhere. This judgment seems to me on a par with the old no-strategic-importance comments on the fall of Antwerp and other earlier incidents. The Balkan "ad-

venture" has already secured some valuable pawns in the game. The latest is one to play against Italy, to whom the Central Powers had previously nothing to give back, and the move may yet yield a pawn to play against ourselves, who have hitherto won several pieces from Germany and have lost none.

The plan of buying peace has already been tried with individual States. Assiduous attempts have been made to secure the withdrawal of France and Russia and Italy in turn by tempting offers. They have failed because of the mutual loyalty of the Allies, sealed by formal compact. So Germany has gone on extending her conquests, which means increasing her bargaining power. She has now something to offer all round, for the evacuation of Belgium and Serbia would be a strong inducement to us. The recent peace kites were flown to test the willingness of the Allies to bargain in concert as a united group. Opinion in Germany is much divided on the question of terms, but that would not trouble the *massgebende Persönlichkeiten*, who have doubtless thought the whole thing out and laid down for themselves lines which can be modified and adjusted to circumstances. If any disposition to treat had been shown by the Allies the proposals would have gradually assumed a definite shape. But there was none, and no terms have been suggested anywhere else, even by the most ardent advocates of peace. It is worthy of note that though our own pacifists (I prefer that word to "pacifist" which is indefensible) call day and night on the Government to formulate terms, they carefully avoid stating their own ideas on the subject. They do not venture to suggest the acceptance of even the most moderate proposals put forward in Germany. The Governments of the Allied States have not got so far as to consider terms at all, if

one may judge from their public utterances, much less to discuss any definite lines with each other. They are looking forward to the turn of the tide upon the field of war.

When, however, they reach the situation outlined above—which is based on the assumption of a favorable course of events—the question will assume a very different aspect, and it will have to be faced. There will come a moment when the cost of a further offensive must be weighed against the possible gains, and that moment will be chosen for the offer of the most attractive terms that the German authorities can concede without outraging public sentiment in Germany. A decision must then be taken, and since the action of the Allies is dependent on public opinion in most of the countries concerned, it is desirable that the public should understand the issue and be prepared for it beforehand.

The choice will lie between such an end of the War as will lead to lasting peace or concluding an arrangement which will stop fighting but leave the nations in hostile array, nourishing an undiminished enmity and seeking to satisfy it by commercial and diplomatic war while preparing against a renewal of armed hostilities.

In the previous article I indicated the only way to a lasting peace, which is to effect a conversion of the German people. There can be none for us, whatever may be the case with our Allies, so long as they remain in the same mood, under the same system, trusting in the same gods, animated by the same convictions and ambitions and aiming at the same ends. For everybody knows now that what they really want is to deprive us of the sea-power which is the sole security for the independence of these islands and the existence of the British Empire. Voices come from Germany now repudiating a desire for the command of the sea; but

the same voices admit that they want to deprive us of it, which would be the same thing so far as we are concerned. They allow that the sea is already free in peace; what they demand is that it shall be free in war too. That is to say, we are to abandon by a formal convention the advantage of sea-power in war; which means abandoning it altogether, for it only comes into active being in war or with a view to war. And meanwhile Germany is to retain the full advantage of land-power. We are to abandon our strongest weapon while she retains hers. She is to be free to push East, seize the Suez Canal and Egypt, and attack India by land, while we may not send troops by sea to protect them. More than that, we should be bound by a convention which Germany would hold herself free to ignore whenever it suited her on the plea of necessity according to the principles laid down and faithfully followed in the War. It is obvious that so long as these ideas and principles are maintained peace would be a mere name to us and a mockery. Nor would it be much more real to the other Powers now at war with her. They could not trust her if they would, as I pointed out before. She is forsaken and defends her breach of faith in the name of Kultur, which covers all things. Observe the workings of this incredible spirit even in the pulpit, and ask how it is possible ever to treat a nation dominated by it as other than an enemy. The following extracts from sermons by noted German preachers were recently sent to the *Methodist Times* by the Rev. W. Burgess, superintendent of the Wesleyan Methodist Missions in Italy. They have been widely quoted in other newspapers, but they are so pertinent to my argument that I take the liberty of reproducing them:

Pastor Zoebel, Lutheran Church, Leipzig:

It is the deep consciousness of our

mission that permits us to congratulate ourselves, and rest content with a heart full of gratitude, when our guns beat down the children of Satan, and when our marvelous submarines—instruments to execute the Divine vengeance—send to the bottom of the sea thousands of the non-elect.

We must fight the wicked with every means in our power; their sufferings should give us pleasure; their cries of despair should not move German hearts.

There ought to be no compromise with hell, no mercy for the servants of Satan—in other words, no pity for the English, French, and Russians, nor indeed for any nation that has sold itself to the Devil. They have all been condemned to death by a Divine decree.

Reinhold Seeberg, Professor of Theology, Berlin University:

We do not hate our enemies. We obey the command of God, who tells us to love them. But we believe that in killing them, in putting them to suffering, in burning their houses, in invading their territories, we simply perform a work of charity.

Divine love is seen everywhere in the world, but men have to suffer for their salvation. Human parents love their children, yet they chastise them. Germany loves other nations, and when she punishes them it is for their good.

Pastor Fritz Philippi, Berlin:

As the Almighty allowed His Son to be crucified, that the scheme of redemption might be accomplished, so Germany is destined to crucify humanity, in order that its salvation may be secured.

The duty of German soldiers is to strike without mercy. They must kill, burn and destroy; any half measures would be wicked. Let it then be a war without pity.

The immoral and the friends and allies of Satan must be destroyed, as an evil plant is uprooted. Satan himself, who has come into the world in the

form of a great Power (England), must be crushed.

On Germany is laid the Divine command to bring about the destruction of those who are the personification of evil.

A commentator on these egregious diatribes has found them reminiscent of Dickens's snuffing Nonconformist ministers, but the analogy is not very happy. The *ehrwürdiger Herr Pastor Chadband* of Germany is not so much an unctuous humbug as a bloodthirsty fanatic, who combines the ferocity of a Red Indian with the self-righteousness of a Socialist, and wraps up both in blasphemous nonsense. The mental state of a people to whom such doctrines can be addressed by their spiritual teachers and found acceptable by the hearers puts them outside the pale and makes intercourse impossible. If they are ever to enter the comity of nations again they must give up this way of thinking and be converted to a different view of themselves and their mission.

There is only one way to do it, and that is to destroy their faith in the force to which they appeal, to convince them that the guns which are to "beat down the children of Satan," and the "marvelous submarines" which are to "execute the Divine vengeance" by sending women and children to the bottom of the sea, have met their master and broken down in the performance of this pious duty. When the machine wherein they trusted has visibly and unmistakably broken down they will scrap it together with the engineers who constructed it and the teachers who bade them put their faith in it. But nothing less will serve.

I do not forget or underrate the effect of economic pressure exercised by the Fleet and the progressive elimination of German trade. It is playing a great part now, and will play a greater. The German authorities are growing more

and more uneasy about it, as the people grow more restive, and they are making great efforts to obtain some relaxation through the agency of the United States. Hence the recent concession about submarines. The economic pressure is doing more than half the work on our side. At one time I thought it would suffice without any great increase of military effort or decisive change in the military situation. Perhaps it might in a sense, if continued long enough. It might eventually compel surrender of a kind, but it would take a long time; and even if we could keep it up long enough such an end of the War would not produce the desired effect. So long as the German Army remains undefeated the German people will continue to believe in it and in the system it embodies and supports. Compulsory surrender through economic pressure would leave them unconvinced of error on that head and more convinced than before of the correctness of the policy of securing the command of the sea. It would be to them an imperative call dominating all others, and they would set to work again at once in the old spirit under the old regime, but with intensified rage and determination, to devote all their energies to it.

For this reason a conclusive termination of the War cannot be expected from economic pressure alone, even if we were able to maintain it long enough, which we certainly could not do on the present lines. Without very great changes, public and private, in our way of life, we could not stand the financial strain long enough. There are some people who are always expecting an imminent financial crash in Germany and who deride the public statements made by German statesmen on the economic stability of the country. No doubt the Imperial Chancellor and the Minister of Finance put the best face on things and paint the facts in the

brightest colors on the official palette; but the derisory comments are foolish. Those who reckon upon an imminent collapse on any of these grounds—I exclude incalculable factors such as the Kaiser's health—are deceiving themselves no less than those who believed in "the Russian steam-roller," the great offensive in the spring, the passage of the Dardanelles, and all the other delightful surprises which never came off.

No; in order to avoid an inconclusive peace we must break the German armed defense in such a way that the German people lose faith in their invincible army; that is to say, in such a way that the breakdown cannot be concealed from them. An invasion of German soil would be a convincing proof, but is it necessary? If not necessary it is undesirable, for it would unite the German people more firmly than ever, whereas the real object is to disunite them. And is it feasible? If the German hosts at the height of their power have been unable to break down the French line of defense during the last fifteen months, what chance have the Allies of breaking through the German frontier defenses, which have been long prepared by every conceivable device and would be held with desperate tenacity by the whole of their resources in men and material concentrated on a comparatively short line and resting on their own bases and interior lines of communication? It may look more feasible on the Eastern side, which has been actually invaded. But we may be quite sure that the lesson of 1914, when the Russians swept over East Prussia and later threatened Silesia through Galicia, has long ago been taken to heart and a repetition rendered impossible.

The moral effect of defeat, however, might be produced short of invasion. It would, I believe, be enough to drive the Germans out of France and Belgium

back to their own frontier. This could not be concealed, and it would have an overwhelming effect on public opinion in Germany, because of the reaction from previous expectations that it would cause. Reaction is the Nemesis of false expectations artificially cultivated, and its intensity is in direct proportion to the deception. The German people have been led to entertain the most extravagant hopes of the result of the War, and their hopes have been fed by tales of victory and an unbroken series of successes, reinforced by pictures of the miserable plight and imminent collapse of the Allies. We in particular have been systematically represented as cowed into a state of abject terror by air raids and reduced to the utmost extremity by the submarine blockade. The German public has been told that our ships of war skulk in harbor and dare not show their noses for fear of the German Navy, which sweeps the North Sea at its pleasure; and it is so infatuated with its own incomparable prowess that it swallows these fairy tales with childish credulity and derides all evidence to the contrary as obvious lies.

It is a significant fact, by the way, that while the German war enthusiasm has to be kept up by concealment and misrepresentation, our own rises in proportion to the amount of hard truths the public is allowed to hear—which is still far too little. The failure to understand this is one of the greatest blunders committed by the Government. The British public has been deceived as well as the German, but the effect here is to damp enthusiasm, paralyze effort, and encourage all the influences which hamper the effective prosecution of the War. The Labor opposition to necessary measures is rooted in ignorance about the War sedulously preserved by official “optimism” with party interests at its back.

Failure made known has strengthened our determination, but in Germany it would have the opposite effect. The forced withdrawal of the German armies to the defense of their own frontier would bring the edifice of false hopes tumbling to the ground. For some time past people in Germany have been asking themselves why the fruits of victory tarry so long. And indeed it is inexplicable on the facts as represented to them. If their arms are so triumphantly victorious; if their enemies are in such a wretched plight; if we in particular, who dragged our Allies into war in order to destroy Germany, are ourselves cowering in terror before her irresistible might and on the verge of collapse, why on earth do we not recognize the utter failure of our policy and the hopelessness of carrying it out and give it up forthwith? They ask themselves these questions, and feel that there must be a screw loose somewhere. All the neutrals who have been traveling lately in Germany, and have published their impressions, have detected signs of uneasiness beneath the mask of ostentatious confidence. The fruits of victory continually recede, the farther victory is carried; and at the same time conditions at home grow harder. But faith in their invincible army still buoys up their hopes and keeps them united. It is the vital center of their corporate being; touch it and the whole organism collapses. If the flood-tide of victory, so loudly vaunted, has brought nothing but privation and vague forebodings, a decisive and menacing setback must cause a great revulsion of feeling. It would sweep away the already dwindling complacency, tear the bandage from their eyes and reveal an unsuspected abyss yawning before them. The fears of a successful French offensive, expressed by General von Bernhardi in the captured von Papen correspondence, show the serious import-

tance attached to it in competent quarters last year. The effect now would be far greater, because they would see all their subsequent victories and efforts turned to naught and the anticipated fruits vanishing before their eyes.

I do not look for a sudden and complete *volte-face* of public opinion in Germany. They would not repudiate their idols so readily. But they would take the first steps. They would be at first bewildered, then alarmed. They would begin to ask questions, to put two and two together, to argue and dispute. They are nothing if not logical. Voices would be raised denouncing the deception practised upon them and would swell in volume. They would seek explanations and lay the responsibility on this and on that. Some minds, such as Herr Harden's would probe more deeply and trace back effects to underlying causes; they would eventually be led to doubt the whole system and to denounce Kultur itself. The ground seems to be already prepared by searchings of heart about the increase of crime and immorality during the War. The following quotations appeared in the *Sunday Times* of the 16th of January from their Amsterdam correspondent, and there is other evidence to the same effect:

The Berlin *Kreuzzeitung* says: "The people are living a life of such repulsive immorality and indecency, so shameless in its open ostentation and depravity, that soldiers returning home turn their heads away in horror and ask themselves why they should sacrifice their lives for such a people. Did these heroes know more of the secret of what is really going on, they would see that, dark as the picture is on the surface, it is far blacker underneath."

Even the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which has striven so long, to uphold the impression of the moral regeneration of the people by the War, now frankly confesses that it is appalled at the state of affairs. "News of murders of the

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most revolting description," it says, "reach us from all parts of the Empire. Convictions of all kinds of swindling operations occur daily."

The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* deplores the "abandoned immorality" of the general public. "The divorce courts are busy, and nearly all the cases involve wives of soldiers. It is of quite common occurrence for a young soldier to return from the battle line to find his wife carrying on a liaison with another man." The theatres are to blame, says the paper, "plays are produced so nauseating in their depravity and lasciviousness that they may well fill our soldiers, purified in the fire of war, with disgust at this decay of the national morals. The German people must not tolerate such degeneration . . . they must eradicate these plague spots that disfigure the radiant features of Germania."

The German clergy also seem to consider it their duty to call attention to the immoral tendency prevalent in the Empire. At the recent meeting of the General Synod of Berlin, the Rev. Dr. Weber of Bonn, declared that conditions in the Rhine province were unspeakable, that the criminal and immoral contamination of the youth of both sexes was appalling. Other clergymen told similar tales of their own districts, and it was generally decided that the state of affairs was so bad that it was a case for special legislation. The great War, said one pastor, which it was expected, would raise the moral tone of the nation, had, to the horror of all true Germans, the exactly opposite effect.

An explanation is ready to their hand in the teachings quoted above. When such precepts issue from the altar, what but depravity can result? And they would see it themselves. If expectations have been so signally falsified the theories on which they are based cannot escape criticism. There is a fallacy somewhere, and the whole doctrine of which those theories are an integral part is suspect. It calls for re-examina-

tion by thinkers and teachers. The Germans are just the people to realize that and to act upon it. Then, if on the top of these doubts the army, which is the supreme expression of the doctrine, were to break down in the sight of all the people and fall from its pinnacle, the doctrine would fall with it. Some would hold to it, others would denounce it. The mass of the people would only know that they had been deceived and that the gods they worshiped had failed them. I do not attempt to predict precisely what would follow; but there would be an internal break-up and a period of intense confusion from which the Germans would emerge a changed people, less arrogant, less contemptuous of others, less confident in their own superiority and in their divine mission to set the rest of the world right and rule among the nations. They would have new teachers and a different *Kultur*.*

That is the conversion of Germany as I conceive it. Perhaps I am too sanguine in thinking the Germans susceptible of such a change, but I submit that it is conceivable; and I am quite certain that there can be no real peace without it. The question to my mind is whether we shall inflict that military defeat which is indispensable to the disillusionment of the

**Kultur* has gone through many changes, and has meant different things in successive epochs. In Goethe's day—when it was spelled with a C—its significance was aesthetic: it was applied to the fine arts and the drama. Then knowledge came more to the front, and presently among the forms of knowledge science emerged and took first place. By a natural transition accompanying the development of economic life applied science superseded abstract science as the leading factor in *Kultur*. And so the conception became more and more materialistic. Today the word is used in different senses even by the same writers; but the nearest equivalent we have is *Progress*. The Germans have no word for progress in the abstract, and *Kultur* fills the place, though they are not exact equivalents. As commonly used *Kultur* connotes all the forces that make for progress, whereas we think rather of the results. The distinction, however, lies more in the national temperament and way of thinking than in any essential difference. Both conceptions are, in the end, mainly concerned with material conditions. *Kultur* is the German system of effecting improvement in the conditions of life.

German people or not. If they are to throw their shattered idols into the fire, we must shatter them first and by force of arms. This may seem a mere truism. All the Governments have over and over again announced their determination to secure victory, and the Allied nations are looking forward to it. But no one has formulated any conception of what constitutes "victory," and only vague and confused ideas prevail about it. I am here attempting to define victory, and I suggest that the goal to aim at and the sign of attainment is an internal break-up in Germany, from which a new order will arise, not imposed from without but fashioned by the German people from within. It ought to and probably would be marked by the eclipse of the Hohenzollern dynasty and the advisers gathered round it. Then the new Germany might re-enter the comity of nations and there would be lasting peace.

But the prevalent vagueness about victory is accompanied by an inadequate conception of the effort necessary to secure it and by inability to perceive the consequences, on the one hand of success and on the other of failure. Herein lies the danger that I am trying to point out. If we fail to realize the effort needed and to prepare for it we shall not secure victory and shall have to face the consequences of failure, which are not at all understood. France and Russia, who have the Germans on their soil, do, I believe, fully realize, the effort needed and are prepared for it. But that will not be enough unless we throw all our strength into it too. Victory demands the utmost fortitude, endurance, tenacity, and sacrifice that we can bring to bear. It calls for an unfailing supply of reserves and an unlimited supply of munitions. Any deficiency in the levies of men or in the delivery of material will tell with fatal effect, and will either prolong the

struggle indefinitely or decide it against us. The previous life-and-death conflicts in which the nation has been engaged were small compared with this. Even in the Napoleonic struggle, which was the greatest of them, our real antagonist was a single personality; today it is a nation thirsting for our destruction. And this is the reason why the consequences of failure to achieve the victory outlined will be so peculiarly formidable.

If we conclude peace with Germany as she is we shall plunge into economic war with the shadow of real war ever behind it. A good many people here are welcoming the prospect of economic war and already counting their victories. They think we shall be able to destroy or keep down German industry and trade. They do not know what they are talking about. Their anticipations are on a level with the vauntings of Bombastes Churchill and John Bull *Furioso* about the war. "We can make anything the Germans can, and make it better," and so on. We have heard all this stuff before, and I know just what there is in it, because I have made it my business to study the question, not in books or statistical returns, but in the workshop and the mill. It is wise and proper to prepare for the resumption of commercial competition and the promotion of trade after the War. It is equally sensible and legitimate to take precautions against the "peaceful penetration" methods of German finance and business. It is human nature to feel repulsion and a strong determination never to have any friendly intercourse again. But the set economic war is another matter, and the results would be very different from the anticipations of its ardent advocates.

It would hurt Germany no doubt, but it would hurt us too; and it would no more keep them down than it would keep us down, as the Germans for their

part promise themselves it would. In a great measure it would fail altogether. We should sell our things there and they would sell theirs here, only under greater difficulties than before. The things would be sold and bought because there are people who wish to sell and people who wish to buy, and they cannot be prevented from doing so. Even during the War our things have found their way there and their things come here; and if it cannot be prevented in war under the drastic powers taken by the Government, how on earth can it be prevented in peace? Patriotism will not suffice, because things come through neutral countries, as they have been doing. Besides, when customers are offered what they want at the price they want by the shopman, who cares no more whence the things come than whither they go, patriotism is forgotten in the desire of the eye. Women in particular cannot resist it, and they do most of the shopping.

But in so far as the economic war succeeded, its chief effect would be to drive both sides into new fields, which would naturally be more difficult than the old ones. And the advantage would not be with us, unless we changed our ways. The Germans have been successful in industry and commerce because they have worked very hard at it. The mystery is just that. It is all summed up in the word "work." When they beat us it is by working harder, and a man who works will always beat a man who does not. I do not refer only to the workman but to everybody concerned, from the Legislature downward. Their Legislature helps industry and commerce, ours has been very active in hindering them but has hardly ever done anything to help. Similarly with Government Departments and all the way down the scale to the workman, who works harder for less wages than his colleague here.

Those who talk glibly of an economic war have no notion of what it would entail in regard to these matters. Harder work, longer hours, smaller profits, lower wages, less amusement all round. Are the relations of employers and employed in a state to stand the strain of these demands? We shall be lucky if we escape industrial war at home in any case after the War. The changes demanded for successfully waging the proposed economic war would make it virtually inevitable. Remember that war taxation would be in force and we could not relax our military and naval preparations. To do so would be to encourage Germany in hers, in the hope of catching us napping again.

It may be said that Germany will be still worse off than ourselves and less able to carry on the contest. She will be worse off, but the Germans are accustomed to harder work and lower wages and a less easy life altogether, and they will stand the strain better. Remember that under the hypothesis they would have their present system intact. As for economic exhaustion, I believe that current ideas on the subject are quite fallacious. They belong to an earlier period. The production of wealth has been so augmented and accelerated by modern methods that the ravages of the War will be made good with a rapidity that will astonish everyone. As for capital, it is credit that is needed, and Germany will not lack it. She will start off with a great accumulation of manufactured goods which will be thrown on the market and be snapped up at once. Then her manufacturers will be deluged with orders, and, having made careful preparations, will be busy from the start.

If our people really choose to put their backs into it and put up with very much harder conditions than any they have ever known--enormously harder

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than those obtaining during the War--they can carry on the economic war But to what end? Sooner or later it will pass into real war again. The feeling kept up by it, and incidents arising out of it, will make that inevitable. Some people put their trust in "guarantees," but who is to enforce them? All the nations that have the spirit and the means are trying now to make Germany fulfil her pledges. If they fail now, they will never succeed hereafter.

That is the prospect of failure to win victory. The prospect of success is to avoid all this, to remove the nightmare of war, and to obviate the need of an economic war by finishing off the real one. The effort required is intense, but the end worth it. In the other case the effort is less intense but more prolonged and wearing in proportion to the diminished intensity; and there is no end to it at all. It is for the people to choose. But they must choose at once. In a little while the choice will no longer be open. If we fail now--and it hangs in the balance--to furnish the men and material required we shall not win and must accept the alternative described. The efforts of Socialists, Quakers, pacifists, conscientious objectors, and all the people who claim a superior morality, to hinder the supply of men and material can only be explained by confusion of mind. They do not know what they are doing. They are helping to save the German military machine, which is the negative of all their ideals. The other nations must either submit to it or resist it. If they submit, it is supreme; if they resist, they must fight it with the only weapons that can touch it. Those who would weaken or blunt those weapons are fighting for it, and if they are allowed to have their way we shall be done.

A. Shadwell.

BARBARA LYNN.

BY EMILY JENKINSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WRESTLING MATCH.

Joel looked in at Greystones on his way to the Shepherds' Meet. He would rather have passed the house by, for he was in no mood to talk to Mistress Lynn, but he did not like to seem discourteous to one who had been as kind to him as she had been.

"Why, Joel, man," she exclaimed, "thee's grown handsomer than ever. Thee always was a bonny lad, but thee'd better have a care now, or all the lasses will be making sheep's-eyes at thee up hill and down dale."

"You look very well," said Barbara.

He glanced from the old woman to her great-granddaughter, and smiled, throwing off the impatience that he felt with an effort.

"It's you who have grown handsomer, not I, Mistress Lynn," he replied. "You look nearly as young as Barbara. If you put that grand night-cap you're wearing on her head, she'd be the image of you, and you of her."

"Hoots-toots! and me going on a hundred!" She shook her finger at him. "I's too old to have my senses turned with such babblement. I was like Barbara once, but not in your day, my lad. It's to her you should be paying your compliments, not to her great-granny. Your grandfather gave me all I ever wanted."

She made him sit down by the four-poster, with his face to the windows, so that she could see him well.

"I couldn't pay Barbara a greater compliment," he said smoothly, yet with a glimmer of amusement in his eyes, for he saw the drift of her mind, "than by likening her to you. You and she are the handsomest, bonniest pair that I've set sight on since I last saw you both."

"Get away with you, Master Joel; you've got far too sly a tongue for simple folk like the lassie and me."

He stayed at Greystones for half an hour, talking idly, and looking round the kitchen with very mingled feelings. It seemed to be just as it was the last time he had been there five years ago. Nothing was altered. The great oak table stood under the transom windows, the bridewain near the bed; he was sure that the fire had never been allowed to die out; and hams and three whole sheep hung curing in the chimney as he remembered they used to do. His eyes rested upon the clock. Once he had listened to it striking the hour of midnight under unhappy circumstances. Now he listened to it striking the hour of noon, under other circumstances, not less unhappy.

It was only twelve o'clock! He had arrived at daybreak in a mood partaking more of resignation than disappointment, and already he had roused the sleeping dogs of his nature. They were in full cry after forbidden sport. He felt that he could sit no longer talking commonplaces to the old woman, and rose.

"What, off already!" she said.

"I'm going to the Meet. Most of my old friends will be there, and it's too good an opportunity of seeing them all to be lost. I'll come in again on my way back. Isn't Barbara going?"

"She's been and returned. Barbara's a good lass and looks after her old great-granny! The Lord will bless her!"

The girl walked with him to the garden gate, told him that Peter had promised to wrestle, and that he would be in time for the games if he hurried; then she came back to the kitchen, meditatively.

The misty morning had blossomed out into a fine noon. A few showers had fallen, but the sun glanced through them, and they were not heavy enough to damp the spirits of men used to bitter winds and merciless rains.

The patch of flat ground about the Shepherds' Rest thronged with life. Sheep, dogs, and human voices, both male and female, for the wives and daughters gathered to see the games, added to the clamor of a wild stream that rushed through the pass, below the inn. Above and all around, the gray crags and wide sweeps of heather and bracken were wrapped in sombre silence, save when a pair of herons flew screaming by to their feeding-ground on some distant tarn.

When Joel Hart came down the defile he halted for a moment to view the animated scene below him. He was drawn towards it, yet repulsed. The sight of so many well-known figures, after five years' wandering among strangers, quickened his blood. Yet between them and him the thought of Lucy flashed. He wished that he had not come, but returned to Forest Hall, where he could have indulged his feelings for her in undisturbed retreat; then, again, he was glad that he had come, for he wanted to distract his mind from the still small voice of conscience which would not let him be.

His meditation had an abrupt end. Some one saw him, and his old friends—those wild young men with whom he had wasted his substance in the past—carried him off to the inn, where he ordered drinks all round.

A reckless mood came over him. He thrust the vision of Lucy into a corner, and, with a laugh that was forced, yet strove to be genial, he entered into the spirit of the crowd, which was bent on extracting out of the next few hours as much pleasure as every man could hold.

His first impulse was to avoid Peter, yet, turn where he would, the quiet gray eyes of his rival—so he had come to regard him—seemed to meet his own.

Peter knew of Lucy's early love for Joel—though she had only spoken of it once, and that was shortly after their marriage—but he was free from the suspicion, which is the bane of little minds, so he greeted the newcomer frankly and calmly, unaware of the tumult which the sight of him had roused.

Joel flung back his head with a careless gesture. In his heart of hearts he would like to have knocked Peter down. Was not Peter his supplanter? Had he not, while pretending to be his friend, lured Lucy from him? But he swept his hand across his face, and with it obliterated the hatred of his glance, for he had no desire that it should betray him.

"You're getting stout, Fleming," he said, "stout and contented-looking, as befits a married man."

"Portly, eh?" replied Peter. "Yes, I sit too much."

"Thee should whickam-whackam, spickam-spackam more," said a young shepherd standing by. "Old Schoolie Satherwaite had arms like a crowbar, and o' with sugaring the cane. 'It's a grand receipt,' he used to say, 'a grand receipt for keeping the muscles in trim.'"

"He kept more than his muscles in trim," answered another, "for he trimmed our hides to some purpose. If he couldn't birch for aught, he birched for naught. I mind the day he called Jerry Langdale yonder into the middle of the floor, and, 'Jerry,' says he, 'I'm going to larrop you.' 'I's done nowt amiss,' says Jerry, as pert as you please. 'Nowt amiss,' says Schoolie, 'Good God, that's unnatural. I'll have to bensal the natural man back intil you, and so circumvent the deevil.' Jerry got such a

warming that it kept the frost out for many a day."

"Peter's over-gentlemanly with the rascals," said one.

"Peter can use the rod when he likes," replied another, nudging Fleming in the ribs. "I heard tell how you spanked Jake's Joie, and o' for telling a lie. Joie's mother told me that he took his porridge standing for a week after, and he's been a truthfuller lad ever since."

Peter pulled out his watch.

"Time is running on, lads," he said. "I'd better go and get ready to wrestle, or you'll give me no credit for having kept my muscles in trim with switching the bairns."

Joel was left with his own particular friends. They were not much liked by the shepherds, for they gave themselves airs; but they spent their money freely, and were treated with a certain amount of good humor and respect.

Joel Hart was a lucky dog, they said, to go away and come back after five years a rich man. They had trudged along the same old paths, but not one of them had managed to find the goose that lays the golden eggs. There was not much wealth to be got out of the dales and fells. They had half a mind to try their fortunes overseas. They would have no misgivings, but most of them had married a wife. Joel was a wise man not to tie himself to a woman's apron-strings before he went away. Now he had come home, of course he would marry, and rear a progeny to make ducks and drakes of his money. That was always the way of it. Would he stay now he had come back? Or would they find him gone again some fine morning?

Joel unbent under the combined effects of home-brewed ale, and lively companionship. He did not know if he would remain at Forest Hall. When he was out in the wilds he used to think his home the most beautiful spot on the

earth, but he was not sure that he might not soon grow tired of it now, after the life he had been leading. He had no intention of taking a wife unless they could show him a lass that would cap his fancy.

But whether he stayed or not, he was glad to be back among his own folk again. Out in the wilderness he had often longed for a sight of a familiar face, and the sound of the Northern tongue. His arrival was most opportune, for he would have been sorry to miss the Shepherds' Meet.

Six years ago they had had a great time—did they remember? John Wheeler, the champion wrestler, had come, and given the native talent high praise. He had shown some of them—himself for one, and Peter Fleming for another—a few tricks. Wheeler dead since then! Ah! that was a pity! He was one of the few champions who belonged to the good old Westmorland stock.

"Out at the gold diggings," Joel continued, "there were two or three men who could wrestle. We often had a bout of an evening in front of the drinking booth."

"Wrestle now," said one. "There's your old friend Peter Fleming longing to try a fall with you, I don't doubt. Come along, man. No shaking of your head now. Lord! That's a good idea. We've not seen any decent wrestling since you went away."

Joel was carried off, making half-hearted protests. His mind was full of confused thoughts. He was gratified at the manner in which his old friends had received him; he felt a return of the reckless spirit that had always awakened in their company; moreover, he would like to throw Peter. He must double up that strong figure in ignominy; he must pay back old scores, and new ones also. Though Fleming was more muscular than he, yet his was the greater quickness and

subtlety of action. He would come off victor.

He thought of Lucy, and emotion again rushed through his brain like a stream in spate, carrying reason before it.

But when he entered the ring he felt cool. He had a purpose to fulfil, and this gave him the full command of his senses. He knew now that, through the years of his absence, he had been moved with a vague antipathy towards this man. Their old friendship had been but a veil drawn over the blind face of hate. From the beginning they had been doomed to circumvent one another. Peter had circumvented him by marrying Lucy; the time had arrived for him to overcome Peter.

That the occasion for wiping out the score was only a wrestling-match in a mountain pass did not take away from its significance. To the onlookers it was but a trial of strength and cunning; to Joel it had a deep human meaning. Not as a friendly rival did he now confront his antagonist, but as an embodied vengeance, determined to mark upon his adversary the humiliation which he had received at the other's hands.

Joel got strength, far beyond his physical powers, through the intensity of his passion. It was a spiritual strength, derived from a spiritual source, though not from the well of light. It bubbled up in a dark region where lost souls come to drink, and those who have wandered from the right path to seek forbidden things.

Peter confronted Joel with a gay laugh, unconscious of the conditions under which they were to wrestle. Peter played the game for the game's sake, and though he was keen to acquit himself worthily, yet he could take a fall, and think no worse of himself or like his conqueror less for it.

But now, as he and Joel swayed together with their hands locked behind

each other's backs, he became aware of something unusual in the struggle. He could not have defined what it was, yet of its presence and force he had no doubt. Its effect upon himself was annoying. His good humor left him. Over his mind came a chilling influence. He tried to shake it off, but in vain. He felt sure that he was wrestling for more than the barren triumph of muscle over muscle, but for what?

Had it not been for the strength which his feelings gave him, Joel would soon have measured a fall. As it was, he exerted a force like that of a glacier, not swift, but slow, ever driven on by the sullen weight behind it, for Joel's hate was cold, not hot; callous not furious.

Peter's anger increased. He felt that he had been entrapped into a combat which he would have scorned had he known. The honest wrestling of the dales-folk was being lowered to serve the purposes of personal ill-will. He could not withdraw honorably—no rule had been infringed—yet he loathed the stake for which they struggled. His spirit disdained the thought of heating itself in a common brawl. He had not the inclination, even if he had had the time, to wonder at the reason for Joel's attitude towards himself. When two men are at grips with each other, there is little opportunity for reflection or philosophizing. Thoughts that do come, come like pictures flashed upon a screen, and are switched away in a moment, leaving behind a vague impression of their significance.

Before long the bystanders began to realize that in the wrestling of Peter and Joel there was an unusual element. At first they showed their interest without restraint, but, as the struggle grew keener, though neither had the mastery, feeling ran too strongly for much sound. A sudden shout, a long-drawn breath, a murmur that broke off abruptly,

eyes which would not suffer the lids to blink, and hands that gripped the hurdles as though they clung for life were the measure of their excitement. Those gathered round the ring were thrilled by such passions as must have swayed men at a gladiatorial show, when men fought for their lives.

The wrestlers grew heated; their bodies smoked; their lips curled back from their teeth; their eyes were bright. The spirit of the savage still sleeps in every man. In Peter it began to awaken, roused by the clutch of Joel's hands. The refinements of civilization were in danger of falling away from him, and leaving him a creature of brute force, whose one idea was to bear down his enemy with cunning and superior strength. But he drew himself together; he had never lost control of his nature, and he would not do so now. Amid the ferment of his impulses he strove to be calm, to be resistless yet not fierce, to overcome, but without anger.

The feeling of the spectators was intensified, as they saw the two figures become motionless, though the veins on their arms stood up like cords, and their bodies were bent in such a manner as showed the straining of the great muscles of their backs and shoulders. Two figures modeled in clay they might have been, instead of two struggling forces.

Neither would give in. Their breasts labored with painful breathing, the breath whistled as it came and went. Down their brows poured the sweat, making their faces shine in the yellow

(To be continued.)

"CARRY ON!"

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE of K (1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PUSH THAT FAILED.

"I wonder if they really mean business this time," surmised that youthful

light of the November sun. Their hair was clotted, their shirts were drenched as though they had been dipped in the beck.

Peter felt his head grow dizzy. He thought that his temples would burst with the hammering of his blood. The sun got into his eyes and dazzled them, and, though he managed to shift his position, the glitter of it had already filled his brain.

He seemed to catch a vision of Lucy, sitting quietly at home. He wondered if she would ever come to know of the fierce battle fought for her sake. Apart from his direct consciousness, his mind had gone on working, and reached the conclusion that Joel's madness sprang out of his love for her.

The day was drawing to a close. Clouds were hurrying up from the southwest, and reflecting a lurid glow down into the pass. Soon there would be rain and night.

Joel made a supreme effort to throw Peter. He rallied all his failing powers, his face grew purple, he bent to give the last swing which should lift his adversary from his feet, when he slipped and fell.

There was a loud cheer from the onlookers; they leaped over the hurdles to shake Peter by the hand; the ring surged with men and dogs. Then silence fell, and hushed the words on men's tongues even when they did not know the cause.

Joel lay on the ground, his face ghastly as that of a corpse, while a red stream trickled from his mouth.

Company Commander, Temporary Captain Bobby Little, to Major Wagstaffe

"It sounds like it," said Wagstaffe as another salvo of "whizz-bangs"

broke like inflammatory surf upon the front-line trenches. "Intermittent strafes we are used to, but this all-day performance seems to indicate that the Bosche is really getting down to it for once. The whole proceeding reminds me of nothing so much as our own 'artillery preparation' before the big push at Loos."

"Then you think the Bosches are going to make a push of their own?"

"I do; and I hope it will be a good fat one. When it comes, I fancy we shall be able to put up something rather pretty in the way of a defense. The Salient is stiff with guns—I don't think the Bosche quite realizes *how* stiff! And we owe the swine something!" he added through his teeth.

There was a pause in the conversation. You cannot hold the Salient for three months without paying for the distinction; and the regiment had paid its full share. Not so much in numbers, perhaps, as in quality. Stray bullets, whistling up and down the trenches, coming even obliquely from the rear, had exacted most grievous toll. Shells and trench-mortar bombs, taking us in flank, had extinguished many valuable lives. At this time nothing but the best seemed to satisfy the Fates. One day it would be a trusted color-sergeant, on another a couple of particularly promising young corporals. Only last week the Adjutant—athlete, scholar, born soldier, and very lovable schoolboy, all most perfectly blended—had fallen mortally wounded, on his morning round of the fire-trenches, by a bullet which came from nowhere. He was the subject of Wagstaffe's reference.

"Is it not possible," suggested Mr. Waddell, who habitually considered all questions from every possible point of view, "that this bombardment has been specially initiated by the German authorities, in order to impress upon their own troops a warning that there

must be no Christmas truce this year?"

"If that is the Kaiser's Christmas greeting to his loving followers," observed Wagstaffe drily, "I think he might safely have left it to us to deliver it!"

"They say," interposed Bobby Little, "that the Kaiser is here himself."

"How do you know?"

"It was rumored in *Comic Cuts*." (*Comic Cuts* is the stately Summary of War Intelligence issued daily from Olympus.)

"If that is true," said Wagstaffe, "they probably will attack. All this fuss and bobbery suggest something of the kind. They remind me of the commotion which used to precede Arthur Roberts's entrance in the old days of Gaiety burlesque. Before your time, I fancy, Bobby?"

"Yes," said Bobby modestly. "I first found touch with the Gaiety over *Our Miss Gibbs*. And I was quite a kid even then," he added, with characteristic honesty. "But what about Arthur Roberts?"

"Some forty or fifty years ago," explained Wagstaffe, "when I was in the habit of frequenting places of amusement, Arthur Roberts was leading man at the establishment to which I have referred. He usually came on about half-past eight, just as the show was beginning to lose its first wind. His entrance was a most tremendous affair. First of all the entire chorus blew in from the wings—about sixty of them in ten seconds—saying 'Hurrah, hurrah, girls!' or something rather subtle of that kind; after which minor characters rushed on from opposite sides and told one another that Arthur Roberts was coming. Then the band played, and everybody began to tell the audience about it in song. When everything was in full blast, the great man would appear—stepping out of a bathing-machine, or falling out of a hansom-cab, or sliding down a chute

on a toboggan. He was assisted to his feet by the chorus, and then proceeded to ginger the show up. Well, that's how this present entertainment impresses me. All this noise and obstreperousness are leading up to one thing—Kaiser Bill's entrance. Preliminary bombardment—that's the chorus getting to work! Minor characters—the trench-mortars—spread the glad news! Band and chorus—that's the grand attack working up to boiling-point! Finally, preceded by clouds of gas, the Arch-Comedian in person, supported by spectacled *coryphees* in brass hats! How's that for a Christmas pantomime?"

"Rotten!" said Bobby, as a shell sang over the parapet and burst in the wood behind.

II.

Kaiser or no Kaiser, Major Wagstaffe's extravagant analogy held good. As Christmas drew nearer, the band played louder and faster; the chorus swelled higher and shriller; and it became finally apparent that something (or somebody) of portentous importance was directing the storm.

Between six and seven next morning, the Battalion, which had stood to arms all night, lifted up its heavy head and sniffed the misty dawn-wind—an east wind—dubiously. Next moment gongs were clanging up and down the trench, and men were tearing open the satchels which contained their anti-gas helmets.

Major Wagstaffe, who had been sent up from Battalion Headquarters to take general charge of affairs in the firing trench, buttoned the bottom edge of his helmet well inside his collar and clambered up on the firing-step to take stock of the position. He crouched low, for a terrific bombardment was in progress, and shells were almost grazing the parapet.

Presently he was joined by a slim young officer similarly disguised. It was the Commander of "A" Company.

Wagstaffe placed his head close to Bobby's left ear, and shouted through the cloth—

"We shan't feel this gas much. They're letting it off higher up the line. Look!"

Bobby, laboriously inhaling the tainted air inside his helmet,—being preserved from a gas attack is only one degree less unpleasant than being gassed,—turned his goggles northward.

In the dim light of the breaking day he could discern a greenish-yellow cloud rolling across from the Bosche trenches on his left.

"Will they attack?" he bellowed.

Wagstaffe nodded his head, and then cautiously unbuttoned his collar and rolled up the front of his helmet. Then, after delicately sampling the atmosphere by a cautious sniff, he removed his helmet altogether. Bobby followed his example. The air was not by any means so pure as might have been desired, but it was infinitely preferable to that inside a gas-helmet.

"Nothing to signify," pronounced Wagstaffe. "We're only getting the edge of it. Sergeant, pass down that men may roll up their helmets, but must keep them on their heads. Now, Bobby, things are getting interesting. Will they attack, or will they not?"

"What do you think?" asked Bobby.

"They are certainly going to attack farther north. The Bosche does not waste gas as a rule—not this sort of gas! And I think he'll attack here too. The only reason why he has not switched on our anesthetic is that the wind isn't quite right for this bit of the line. I think it is going to be a general push. Bobby, have a look through this sniper's loophole. Can you see any bayonets twinkling in the Bosche trenches?"

Bobby applied an eye to the loophole.

"Yes," he said, "I can see them. Those trenches must be packed with men."

"Absolutely stiff with them," agreed Wagstaffe, getting out his revolver. "We shall be in for it presently. Are your fellows all ready, Bobby?"

The youthful Captain ran his eye along the trench, where his Company, with magazines loaded and bayonets fixed, were grimly awaiting the onset. There had been an onset similar to this, with the same green, nauseous accompaniment, in precisely the same spot eight months before, which had broken the line and penetrated for four miles. There it had been stayed by a forlorn hope of cooks, brakesmen, and officers' servants, and disaster had been most gloriously retrieved. What was going to happen this time? One thing was certain: the day of stink-pots was over.

"When do you think they'll attack?" shouted Bobby to Wagstaffe, battling against the noise of bursting shells.

"Quite soon—in a minute or two. Their guns will stop directly—to lift their sights and set up a barrage behind us. Then, perhaps the Bosche will step over his parapet. Perhaps not?"

The last sentence rang out with uncanny distinctness, for the German guns with one accord had ceased firing. For a full two minutes there was absolute silence, while the bayonets in the opposite trenches twinkled with ten-fold intent.

Then, from every point in the great Salient of Ypres, the British guns replied.

Possibly the Imperial General Staff at Berlin had been misinformed as to the exact strength of the British Artillery. Possibly they had been informed by their Intelligence Department that Trades Unionism had ensured that a thoroughly inadequate supply of shells was to hand in the Salient. Or possibly they had merely decided, after the

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

playful habit of General Staffs, to let the infantry in the trenches take their chances of any retaliation that might be forthcoming.

Whatever these great men were expecting, it is highly improbable that they expected that which arrived. Suddenly the British batteries spoke out, and they all spoke together. In the space of four minutes they deposited *thirty thousand* high-explosive shells in the Bosche front-line trenches—yea, distributed the same accurately and evenly along all that crowded arc. Then they paused, as suddenly as they began, while British riflemen and machine-gunners bent to their work.

But few received the order to fire. Here and there a wave of men broke over the German parapet and rolled towards the British lines—only to be rolled back crumpled up by machine-guns. Never once was the goal reached. The great Christmas attack was over. After months of weary waiting and foolish recrimination, that exasperating race of bad starters but great stayers, the British people, had delivered "the goods," and made it possible for their soldiers to speak with the enemy in the gate upon equal—nay, superior, terms.

"Is that all?" asked Bobby Little, peering out over the parapet, a little awe-struck, at the devastation over the way.

"That is all," said Wagstaffe, "or I'm a Bosche! There will be much noise and some irregular scrapping for days, but the tin lid has been placed upon the grand attack. The great Christmas Victory is off!"

Then he added, thoughtfully, referring apparently to the star performer:—

"We have been and spoiled his entrance for him, haven't we?"

HILAIRE BELLOC.

I.

There is a large amount of soldierly blood in Mr. Belloc's veins. Four of his great-uncles were generals under Napoleon, the best-known of whom, General Chasserau, was killed at Waterloo at the head of his cuirassiers at the age of thirty-three, having only quite recently been the recipient of the Legion of Honor. Another, General Habert, was lost in the retreat from Moscow. The names of these and of other fighting forbears may be deciphered on the Arc de Triomphe in the Champs Elysees. To go one step further back, to the father of his grandmother, we encounter an interesting figure in Colonel Swanton, of the Irish Brigade, in the service of France, the lineal successor of the corps that fought under Berwick at Almanza and under Saxe at Fontenoy. Swanton's Irish descent was already rather remote when he followed Soult to Corunna, and obtained as part of the "spoil" the two pistols of Sir John Moore, which he was glad to make over when occasion offered to one of the hero's sisters. He was, perhaps, unique in this: that while wearing the red coat of the old English army (which the Brigade adhered to), he wore at the same time the Croix de St. Louis, which he had won under the white flag of the Bourbons, and the Legion d'Honneur, which he had earned during the Empire. His son, Captain Arnaud, was wounded at Waterloo while he was detained on the duty of holding the historic fortress of Rocroy. The daughter of this decorated warrior, Louise Marie Swanton, mixed freely in Anglo-French society, and saw a great deal of the traveling English. Her bilingual habit stood her in good stead, and her gifts as a translator were seen to advantage in many familiar examples, such as Moore's

"Life of Byron," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and several works by Charles Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell. She moved in these days in the circle which revolved round Madame Mohl, of whose salon she might at one time have been the chronicler. She survived that generation, and died less than twenty-five years ago at the great age of eighty-six, having lived no less than sixty-eight years since her first literary essay, a charming story for children called "Pierre et Pierrette," obtained the laurel of the Academie, and seventy-five since she dimly remembered witnessing Napoleon's last review of the Champ de Mars in May, 1815.

Her husband was an artist, Hilaire Belloc the elder, son of a planter at Martinique, whose family was largely ruined by the English blockade. Many of his portraits are to be discovered by research in French provincial museums, one at least is in the Louvre, and there is a bust of him as artist and curator in the Luxembourg. He was thirteen years older than his wife, and at nine saw Robespierre on his way to the guillotine. Their son, Louis Swanton Belloc, a barrister by profession, employed for the most part in the Secretariate of Prefecture, married at Spanish Place in 1867, the year of her conversion, Bessie Rayner Parkes, daughter of Joseph Parkes, a familiar figure among the philosophical Radicals of the Mill, Grote and Lord John Russell era. As a granddaughter of Joseph Priestley and the proud possessor of his prism, she had the entree among all the advanced intelligence, from Montalembert and Dupanloup to Browning and Rossetti. She was also a writer and an aspirant to poetic honors on her own account. For a time she was much occupied in quest of health for her husband, who suffered in 1870 and died on his return

from the south only two years later at Lacelle St. Cloud, near Marly-le-Roi, where Hilaire was born, July 27, 1870. He was born in *L'Annee Terrible*, an only son:

The only brothers I ever knew
Were the men who laughed and quar-
reled with me.

His mother was forty-two when his father died, and she soon left Lacelle St. Cloud and settled at Slindon, which thus became Hilaire's early home, though not his birthplace. The love of Sussex and its downs, its small towns and its perfect little rivers, the Rother the Evenlode, and the Arun, entered deep into his consciousness. His memories of France, though revived fairly often, were submerged in the flood of Sussex scenery, tradition and ideas. The Turneresque features of Arundel, and its romantic glens and oak woods, became to him what the Westmorland cascade was to Wordsworth, a passion in the blood. At twelve and a half he was sent to the Oratory at Edgbaston. The name and fame of Cardinal Newman was a strong magnet there to the Catholic youth. And a portrait of the most venerable of modern Englishmen who saw the boys once a week, and had some experiences of the young Hilaire's readiness with tongue and pen, must linger in the memory. The youthful *ideologue* even at that age was too self-opinionated to be very popular, but he gathered some friendships which have been singularly lasting, as may be deduced from his dedications. Here is a brief portrait of him at that period:

"I remember very well Belloc coming to the Oratory school—some time in '83, I suppose. He was a small, squat person, of the shaggy kind (be tokening the future journalist) with a clever face and sharp, bright eyes. Being amongst English boys, his instinctive combativeness made him assume a decidedly French pose, and this

no doubt brought on him many a gibe, which, we may be equally sure, he was well able to return. I was amongst the older boys, and saw little of him. But I recollect finding him one day studying a high wall (of the old Oratory Church, since pulled down). It turned out that he was calculating its exact height by some cryptic mathematical process which he proceeded to explain. I concealed my awe, and did not tell him that I understood nothing of his terms, his explanations, or deductions; it would have been unsuitable for a big fellow to be taught by a 'brat.' In those days the boys used to act Latin plays of Terence, which enjoyed a certain celebrity, and from his first year Belloc was remarkable. His rendering of the impudent servant maid was the inauguration of a series of triumphs during his whole school career."

When he left the Oratory, there was much discussion naturally as to whether Hilaire should or should not signalize his French citizenship by volunteering for the army. Strictly, he was exempt as the only son of a widow. But he did volunteer, and served a year in the French Field Artillery in a regiment stationed at Toul, where he learned, among other things, habitually to talk French—the French of the barrack—and laid the foundation for the reproach he has incurred with some humorous exaggeration of speaking neither French nor English like a native born. At the close of 1890 he was a free man again, vastly richer for his store of experience gleaned among the gunners of France, where he had undergone, too, the common stripes of military life, had mixed with the roughest of the rough, and slept with nine men and a gun.

A violent contrast succeeded when Hilaire, after some strenuous private reading and preparation, went up to Oxford and gained the blue ribbon of

Scholastic Plates—a Balliol (Brackenbury) Scholarship.

Of the pale, wan, spectacled student to whom such prizes not uncommonly fall, there was little in Belloc. Less of Puritan pallor had never been seen in Scholar of Oxenford. He swam, rode, shouted, blasphemed, speechified, loved clamor and noise, crowds of friends, red wine and Washington ale. There was contagion in his laugh and exhilaration seemed to emanate from his presence.

II.

Looking askance as he did at the most cherished English institutions such as the Public School and the National Church, a profound unbeliever in Reform and Revolution whether under Henry, Elizabeth or William III, a profound sceptic in regard to the all-wisdom of Burke and the sacramental virtues of the old English constitution and the national habit of compromise, Belloc at twenty-two, with his mixed blood and his French experience, was an unhandy customer for an Oxford Historical Don to tackle. It was necessary for his preceptor to plant himself very firm and to tackle low. Fortunately for Belloc he was so encountered by a tutor who has remained to all his pupils the ideal of what an Oxford tutor was at his best when he was first conjured up in the conception of Jowett, a link between the old Oxford and the new, a small lion, but the bravest of the brave, and one who formed others by forming himself, and that in the most creative way. In grappling with Belloc he realized that he had to combine something of the *Cœur de Lion* with the traditional subtlety of the Angevins. A fellow pupil, a beagle among books and documents, was specially trained to undermine Belloc's rapid essays in research. The daring pilot was pulled to earth by a strong resisting cord before he ever succeeded in getting his machine to its full momentum. But Belloc

too, like a peripatetic philosopher, was surrounded by disciples. His defiance of national fetishes, his mockery of English complacency and superiority, his defiance of University standards, his Rupert-like debate and persiflage at the Union, his flagrant setting at naught of current conventions and unwritten college rules—all these things made him the idol of his contemporaries. He was a few years older and more experienced than most of his college friends, but had lost little of the intoxication, the contagion and the ringing laughter of earliest manhood. He dazzled and infected everyone with his mockery and his laughter. There never was such an undergraduate, so merry, so learned in medieval trifling and terminology, so perfectly spontaneous in rhapsody and extravaganza, so positive and final in his judgments—who spoke French, too, like a Frenchman, in a manner unintelligible to our public-school-French-attuned ears. He was a scholar, too, a Brackenbury in the burliest of gowns; he won prizes and a "first." He was clearly predestinate for a fellowship of the most brilliant hue.

And yet, as it fell out, his first and last check at Oxford, and in the surpassing brilliance of his career then, was in his rejection for the All Souls. Its unexpectedness served as an additional barb. He felt it bitterly as a kind of personal humiliation, and it was long before the memory of it became effaced. It was the result, in all probability, of overweening confidence on his side, and of fear rather than incompetence on that of his examiners. Belloc was regarded in that azure and pink atmosphere as something of a strange animal, wild, unclassifiable and probably *méchant*. His brilliant "first" counted for little in comparison with the possibility of an unforgivable impertinence to the Big Wigs who periodically roll up and throw an

aureole of *Savoir* over the College. For Belloc had more strongly as an undergraduate or a young master even than in later life, a most disconcerting impulse to blurt out truths and impossible questions to men who have forgotten by disuse how to parry. He had the smallest imaginable bump of respect for mere Big Wigs and Personages as such. The only contemporary historians for whom he has avowed even a decent respect, are Lord Morley and Herbert Fisher. His frankness was often as uncompromising and embarrassing as his confidence. He would, it was admitted, have been excellent at uncorking the wine—the special duty and privilege of the junior fellow. But then he would have been so infernally critical of the vintage.

Belloc was precocious in companionship, in power of utterance and in pre-occupation with the concerns of men. He was fond of soldiering and marching and riding and sailing, but for the boyish games to which men in England devote so much of their ripe leisure, he had small predilection. To paraphrase the pompous expression of Gibbon, History and Geography were his bat and ball. Neither to him were abstractions. He took a live interest in both, and sought the earliest opportunity of applying his knowledge. They have always been his two most efficient arms of offense, and it is principally with their aid that he has made the impression he has made upon the literature of our day. He already had big ambitions of a literary cast. He had schemed to write on Paris and of the Revolution. But his first essays in writing were either burlesques or exercises prescribed by friendship and emulation. At Balliol his squibs, lampoons and epigrams were in constant demand. Until eclipsed by the more modern and sulphurous mint of Raymond Asquith no *obiter dicta* of an undergraduate were more in request.

He was, of course, the star of the Junior Common Room and the Union Debates, the *blasé roué* of social assemblies, the supreme wit of Isis and all the Ephemerides that buzz and fit during the Toggers and the Eights. He was, in short, the Messiah of Undergraduates, who would lead them to conquest in the great Armageddon of Wits of Blood against the secular pedantry of pre-destinate Dons.

His first serious attempt to gain an outside estimate of his historical quality was made in the year of the check at All Souls. It is instructive to find him writing as preulist of the young Radicals of his time in a book of collected Liberal Essays dedicated to John Unley in 1897, and containing the work of F. W. Hirst, J. A. Simon, J. S. Phillimore, J. L. Hammond and P. J. Macdonell. The essay prefigures many of his later opinions—few men have been more tenacious of formed opinions or tried friends—mocking denunciation of the usurpations of the territorial class, of capital held in large chunks by the few, of the many working in masses in semi-servile discipline, voters whose interests are economic, not political citizens who own nothing, not even first-hand clothes, the immunities of the rich and the dishonesty of Press and Party institutions still in that Jubilee England regarded as sacrosanct.

As a poet, Belloc's station is far more ambiguous than his place as a prose writer. His Sussex poem of the South Country is one that no self-respecting anthology could possibly do without. It is destined clearly to English immortality. The question is, will it survive, like "Not a drum was heard," as the single poem of a poetic genius of incomparable promise, the volume of poetry under whose arm was so restricted that it amounted to no more than:

When I am living in the Midlands
That are soden and unkind

I light my lamp in the evening
 My work is left behind;
 And the great hills of the South Coun-
 try
 Come back into my mind

and the nine unequal stanzas that follow? Two of these, at least, are among the most spontaneous and the most splendid in all modern verse:

I never get between the pines
 But I smell the Sussex air;
 Nor I never come on a belt of sand
 But my home is there.
 And along the sky the line of the
 Downs
 So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
 Nor a broken thing mend;
 And I fear I shall be all alone
 When I get toward the end.
 Who will be there to comfort me
 Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my
 friends

Of the men of the Sussex weald.

* * * * *

I will hold my house in the high wood
 Within a walk of the sea,
 And the men that were boys when I
 was a boy
 Shall sit and drink with me.

This Bacchanalian touch rarely long absent from Chester-Bellocian letters, does nothing to impair the beauty of this inspiriting chant. Its metrical irregularities all go to enhance its value. The young love it and love Sussex for it. The elderly adore its youth and vitality. It constitutes an achievement by itself, surpassing Kipling's fine poem on Sussex by sheer energy and frankness. No poem seems less artificial. Few are more suggestive of poetic opulence. Belloc's youthful manner was all that. Had he to wait for a man to finish a drink or for a lady (if he ever did wait for a lady) to put on her gloves, he would impartially make a drawing, pen an

epigram, scribble a ballad or a sonnet. He gave people broadcast the impression of versatile and almost unlimited power in this respect. But in the whole of the remainder of his collected verse there is hardly anything that gets beyond the level of Churchill, or at the best, Canning. There is surely a beautiful Tennysonian passage about the Evenlode imbedded in a Mock Heroic Poem, Dedicatory Ode of the Republican Club. There are lampoons on Dons and Journalists, and some grand ringing lines to the alumni of his old college.

Words together and wine together
 And song together in Balliol Hall.

But after the South Country which everyone knows and loves, and it may possibly be a drinking song or two, the best known of his verses are the purely burlesque ones such as:

The little mound where Eckstein stood
 And gallant Albu fell,
 And Oppenheim half blind with blood,
 Went fording through the rising flood—
 My Lord, we know them well.

In spite of the most lavish margins his "Verses" of 1910 extend to eighty-six pages—no more, and even these are eked out by a lavish reprint of verses and trifles from the little volume (now far from common) published by Ward & Downey under the title of "Verses and Sonnets," and dedicated to J. S. Phillimore as early as 1896. Like more famous Songs and Sonnets, they were *Fragmenta Aurea* in the currency of private friends long before they attained publication, and like all private circulated poems, they suffered a shock of reaction when the ultimate test was applied.

III.

Belloc's first essay in biography was a sketch of his friend Hubert Howard, who was killed at Omdurman. His loyal comradeship, his love of the free-

dom of college life, and the wide sweep of his interests, appear in this as in nearly all his early work, but the essay is also marked by some of the defects which are apt to qualify his studies and labors in this branch of letters. He is apt to be over didactic, declaims too readily on generalities, is sparing of the detail that interests readers in a specific life, and obtrudes hobbies of his own (in this case, for instance, the *Chanson de Roland*) in lieu of facts more obviously germane to the subject of his inquiry. The same faults are not entirely absent from his subsequent studies of "Danton" and "Robespierre." Danton was published with a dedication to Anthony Henley, in 1899, and affords a picturesque view of the Great Tribune and of the Revolution in the corrected vision of Aulard and the other representatives of the new learning on the subject down to the death of Robespierre. He afterwards wrote a monograph on Robespierre in the light of the most recent investigations, and he also furnished an introduction to Carlyle's French Revolution, in which he drew attention to the failures of characterization in the case of Louis and Robespierre while admitting to the full the great romantic qualities of Carlyle's historical epic. In his book on "Marie Antoinette," published a good many years later, the product of ripened judgment and mature literary labor, he sought to remedy these shortcomings and to emphasize the hitherto not fully recognized importance of the civil constitution of the clergy, the superstitious dislike of "the Austrian," the crisis-value of Valmy and the close interdependence of external military effort and internal policy during the period. The book really, in its fine blend of the four great prose qualities of narration, description, exposition, and argumentation, is one of the very best Belloc has given us. The historical episodes

are vivid in the extreme, and the characterization is surprising in amplitude, perception and divination, a quality in which the author overflows alike in his historical and topographical work. From the vast heap of materials accumulated in the documentation of this book and its forerunners the writer was able without difficulty to furnish forth his little book on the Revolution which had an immense success in the Home University Library. In spite of its rather dogmatic trend it is an almost invaluable résumé of modern research and original deductions. Above all it shows the curious influence exerted upon the movement by certain personalities such as the King, Necker, Mirabeau, Lafayette, the Queen, Danton and Carnot; secondly, the futility of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, and then, most distinctive and important, the vital links of Varennes, Pillnitz, Valmy, Maubeuge and Wattignies, the balance of successful achievement to the credit of revolutionary militarism, despite the ostensible disasters of 1812-1815, and the persistent danger of the imputation of civilian motives and virtues in the study of military history—causation and effect. This little book, in spite of its dogmatism, its assumption of knowledge and almost stenographic summariness, is one of its writer's capital efforts. It is an object lesson in grasp, it is a model of what can be effected by vivid lecturing; in it and in "Warfare in England" Belloc feels towards a method of his own, a method as positive, as clear cut and as graphic as he was able to make it. It abounds in definition, explanation, discrimination, maps, and plans—the index finger is extended most of the time, the art of demonstration is carried into a new dimension. Belloc, said a wag, invented the map of Europe. Historical power and the gift of insight and divination along certain historical lines, are combined with the topo-

graphical curiosity and instinct which gave the writer his unique position as interpreter in chief, in his weekly article in *Land and Water*, of the landmarks of the present war. This article has been read with avidity by thousands of English people, it has been eagerly perused abroad. What was so often conspicuously lacking in the Press in the way of sincerity, outspokenness and moderation was to be found here—it served the purpose of a tonic to many of its readers during a most gloomy period—and it was written by a man whose special knowledge and unique endowment gave weight to all that he wrote. "The Bayeux Tapestry" published only last year, furnishes another example of Belloc's singular power of exposition, and few people have had a clearer vision of the Normans and their sphere of influence than he. Before leaving what he has accomplished in the way of historical divination, however, we must not omit "The Girondin," a romantic sketch of the beginnings of national service in France, and how the ranks of the Republic were filled, a wedding of imaginative creation and military history worthy of the joint effort of Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Spencer Wilkinson; and that still more remarkable book "The Eye Witness" (1908), historical vignettes, dialogues, evocations of the past such as no other living historian could give us. They reveal faculties proper now to Scott and Dumas, now to Charles Reade and Robert Louis Stevenson. The spirit of these things is quite wonderful, they are historic *voices populi*, surprising alike on account of their felicity, their vitality and their wit. Some people, and I am nearly persuaded to be one of their number, regard this book as its author's completest title to fame.

But many look upon Mr. Belloc's intuition as a topographer, his geographic energy, his tireless love of travel as constituting his highest bid for

honors as a writer. "The Path to Rome," "Hills and the Sea," "Esto Perpetua," "Four Men," and his book on the Pyrenees contain his most notable work in this genre, but it extends through a long series of essays and through every line of his projected series upon the prehistoric trackways of England ("The Old Road," "Stane Street," etc.) not to mention his books and essays on Paris, London, the Thames, Moscow, the Footpath Way and the like. His passion for small rivers and small towns, his sensitiveness to historic names and provinces, his enthusiasm for walking and sailing and riding—all contributed to make him an ideal roadfarer. The magic, the unexpectedness, the fantastic variations and fluctuations of travel lose nothing in his hands—the versatility, the *négligé* of the author, the continuous high spirits, the archaic vein of persiflage sometimes almost bordering on medieval blasphemy hold us with a conjurer's spell.

IV.

During the romantic period of life which culminated in his following the not impossible she across the ocean to California and marrying at the age of twenty-seven (the misfire of the fellowship notwithstanding), settling for a time in what he pronounced solemnly to be Turner's old house at Chelsea and then more permanently at a picturesque mill house, subsequently transformed, in Shipley parish, near Horsham (the neighbor town of Shelley), Belloc achieved a fine standard of insight as a medievalist. He lectured with brilliant success upon the life, the ideals, the society and the vision splendid which rendered the era of the twelfth century (and more the thirteenth) one of the noblest and most glorious eras in which it might have been a man's lot to live in. He dissipated much of the grotesque undervaluing of the medieval period which the Protestant spirit of the seventeenth century and the cynical and en-

cyclopædic temperament of the eighteenth had somehow generated. The flashlights he handled so skillfully must have thrown a ray into many an historical dungeon, and the power of teaching history by flashes of lightning pervades his miscellaneous work: Essays, Sketches, "Paris" Thames books, Road books, and others. As in the fiction of Disraeli, a reading of history pervades all that he writes in this sphere. People who like Dizzy and Peacock revel in the clever, irresponsible complications of *Mr. Clutterbuck* and its successors. Others admire chiefly the satires and burlesques, such as the fantastic college satire of "Lambkin's Remains," a severe purge of English humbug *in excelsis*; the life of Mr. Emanuel Burden, merchant, an extraordinary blending of The New Republic and the Flaubertian irony of Bouvard and Pecuchet. These virile studies suffer from the usual defects of irony, impenetrability and lack of relief, emphasized perhaps by Belloc's apt assimilation of the stylistic qualities that he admired most in English, the male vernacular of Bunyan, Swift and Defoe. Again there are those who regard Belloc primarily as essayist and rambler—the picturesque delineator of things seen in vagabondage, the juggler with ideas, perceptions and strange analogies and intuitions of the born traveler. It is certain that no one since Borrow could render so well a chance encounter, giving it an air of almost dry verisimilitude and at the same time an atmosphere of romance and a background of philosophic realism. Almost any sample of his writing would suffice. It is extraordinarily individual and *spirituel* in a way of its own. Positive though his prose commonly is it yet at times manifests a wonderful power of vibration. This excerpt is from "Esto Perpetua":

"He drove a little cart—a light cart with two wheels. His horse was of

such a sort as you may buy any day in Africa for ten pounds, that is, it was gentle, strong, swift and small, and looked in the half light as though it did not weigh upon the earth, but as though it were accustomed to running over the tops of the sea. I said to the Arab 'Will you not give me a lift?' He answered: 'If it is the will of God.' Hearing so excellent an answer, and finding myself a part of the universal fate, I leapt into his cart, and he drove along through the gloaming, and as he went he sang a little song which had but three notes in it, and each of these notes was divided from the next by only a quarter of a note. So he sang, and so I sat by his side.

"At last he saw that it was only right to break into talk, if for no other reason than that I was his guest; so he said quite suddenly, looking straight before him:

"I am very rich."

"I said: 'I am moderately poor.'

"At this he shook his head and said: 'I am more fortunate than you; I am very, very rich.' He then wagged his head again slowly from side to side and was silent for a good minute or more.

"He next said slyly, with a mixture of curiosity and politeness: 'My Lord, when you say you are poor, you mean poor after the manner of the Romans; that is, with no money in your pockets, but always the power to obtain it.'

"'No,' I said, 'I have no land, and not even the power of which you speak. I am really, though moderately, poor. All that I get I earn by talking in public places in the cold weather, and in springtime and summer by writing and other tricks.' He looked solemn for a moment, and then said: 'Have you indeed no land?' I said: 'No,' again; for at that moment I had none. Then he replied: 'I have sixteen hundred acres of land.'

"When he had said this he tossed back his head in that lion-like way they have, for they are as theatrical as children or animals, and he went on: 'Yes, and of these one-fourth are in good fruit trees . . . they bear . . . they bear . . . I cannot contain myself for well being.'

'God give you increase,' said I. 'A good word,' said he, 'and I would say the same to you, but that you have nothing to increase with. However, it is the will of God. "To one man it comes, from another it goes," said the Barber, and again it is said, "Which of you can be certain?"'

"These last phrases he rattled off like a lesson with no sort of unction; it was evidently a form. He then continued:

"I have little rivulets running by my trees. He—from—whom—I bought had let them go dry; I nurtured them till they sparkled. They feed the roots of my orchard. I am very rich. Some let their walls fall down; I prop them up; nay, sometimes I rebuild. All my roofs are tiled with tiles from Marseilles. . . . I am very rich.'

"Then I took up the psalm in my turn and I said: 'What is it to be rich if you are not also famous? Can you sing or dance or make men laugh or cry by your recitals? I will not ask if you can draw or sculpture, for your religion forbids it, but do you play the instrument or the flute? Can you put together wise phrases which are repeated by others?'

"To this he answered quite readily: 'I have not yet attempted to do any of these things you mention. Doubtless were I to try them I should succeed, for I have become very rich, and a man who is rich in money from his own labor could have made himself rich in any other thing.'

"When he said this I appreciated from whence such a doctrine had invaded England. It had come from the Orientals. I listened to him as he went on: 'But it is no matter; my farm is enough for me. If there were no men with farms, who would pay for the flute and the instrument and the wise beggar and the rest? Ah! who would feed them?'

"'None,' said I, 'you are quite right.' So we went quickly forward for a long time under the darkness, saying nothing more until a thought moved him. 'My father was rich,' he said, 'but I am far richer than my father.'

"It was cold, and I remembered what a terrible way I had to go that night—twenty miles or more through this empty land of Africa. So I was shivering as I answered: 'Your father did well in his day, and through him you are rich. It says: "Revere your father; God is not more to you." He answered: 'You speak sensibly; I have sons.' Then for some time more we rode along upon the high wheels.

"But in a few minutes the lights of a low steading appeared far off under poplar-trees, and as he waved his hand towards it he said: 'That is my farm.' 'Blessed be your farm,' said I, 'and all who dwell in it.' To this he made the astonishing reply: 'God will give it to you; I have none.' 'What is that you say?' I asked him in amazement. He repeated the phrase, and then I saw that it was a form, and it was of no importance whether I understood it or not. But I understood the next thing which he said as he stopped at his gates, which was: 'Here, then, you get out.' I asked him what I should pay for the service, and he replied: 'What you will. Nothing at all.' So I gave him a franc, which was all I had in silver. He took it with a magnificent salutation, saying as he did so: 'I can accept nothing from you,' which I take it, was again a form. Then the night swallowed him up, and I shall never see him again."

Some people have gone to the length of seeing a great Belle Lettrist in Mr. Belloc on the strength of his graceful studies of Marot, Ronsard, and other lights of the French Renaissance, in the collection styled "Avril" and dedicated to his friend of whose French learning he has stood so long in absolute awe—Mr. F. Y. Eccles. This conception of him was backed to the extent of an offer of the chair of English at East London College in 1911. But aesthetic criticism worried him, and Belloc confessed to me more than once that he would like well to exchange subjects—I was teaching History at the time. His attitude towards English Literature

and its professors was never exactly respectful, and the idea of solemnly examining people in such a subject struck him as enormously comic. When he had a vision of his own about an English writer—Swift, Cobbett, Swinburne, whoever it might be—he committed it to an essay. The fluidity of these little *Inquirendo*s into the Nature of Nothing, Anything, Something, and Everything, their irresponsible banter, bird-free of anything so dull as a definite subject, give the best idea of Belloc's intense cerebration, spontaneous gaiety, power of suggestion, and versatility of expression. But versatile though he was, Belloc's pen was chaster than that of almost any journalist of his time. He refused positively to write on subjects he had no interest in or knowledge of, or on which he had already said his say and threshed himself out. Of subjects we all profess to know something about he ostentatiously knew nothing. Medieval history, and a little philosophy, the Moors in Spain, military history and topography—these were his avowed subjects. He almost boasted of his blind areas. Interest in modern problems, political and economic, widened the area of his studies, though as a recreation he loved to put such problems aside and concentrate his whole soul upon a military monograph—Blenheim, Malplaquet, Valmy, Waterloo. His intense curiosity in everything that concerned a military problem made itself clearly felt in these papers and monographs. The public loves to believe in impromptu genius, or it would have realized the unremitting study and unstinted concentration which alone made the weekly article in *Land and Water* a possibility.

The career of professor had been denied him, but Mr. Belloc found Liberal journalism an easy avenue to Parliament. Independent candidates with even a suspicion of Liberal orthodoxy about them, were at a premium in

1905. Belloc had become a naturalized British subject in 1903, and had humorously contemplated a change of name to Hilary Bullock. The one Liberal feature about him was a permeating faith in democracy—but he looked in vain for a democracy that he could identify among the shibboleths of the Liberalism of 1905, beginning with the imposing cry of Chinese Slavery. Fresh to the rather fetid atmosphere of English politics studied from the inside, and emancipated by his French blood from any disarming superstition of veneration for its sanctity, Belloc analyzed the forces controlling it with an effrontery as disconcerting to some as it was refreshing to others. He was soon seized with an ambition to revolutionize a system which revealed more of imposture the more you scanned it. His searchlights were five or six years ahead of most contemporary analysts. But he was really the first to exhibit with crystal clearness the immunity of the rich under the present regime, to apply the thousand-pound test to the supposed impeccable virtue of the modern newspaper, to discuss frankly the plutocratic control of party by the sale of honors and political "pull," and the corrupt and collusive system by which the strategists of the opposing parties combined to evade the control of the representative bodies who nominally actuated them. As politics, the "tone of the House," and all the Club sanctities and makeshifts of the Commons, more and more estranged him, he withdrew from politics and sought to reveal their trade secrets in an organ he started and called *The Witness*, a sort of *Ami du peuple*.

In this he anticipated that now almost popular type of destructive criticism of political fetishes which has imperceptibly worked its way from horrified incredulity to amused contempt. His military, political and economic forecasts, have for the most

part been surprisingly just. But, like most real prophets, he has not the knack of appropriating credit for his insight. He dislikes vagueness, while commonplace is to him as an unfilled

The Bookman.

can. He passes on. No man has progressed more rapidly. As an essayist he already occupies one of the very first places in English Literature.

Thomas Seccombe.

EMPIRE MAKERS.

(Concluded.)

Now that the harvest was over the Spenses were going to make their move, and on their way out to the farm they were to stay with Gabriel Leach and his wife. Hester wished the house might look better. She had scrubbed it clean more than once since the men left, but the boards would probably always look gray. She wished she had a few flowers, and she asked Annie if she could procure a colored table-cloth at the store and bring it to her with several other things that were needed. Annie's visit was an event to be looked forward to with almost passionate eagerness, and when it came to pass there was no disappointment about it. She was as bright and well as ever, and as thoughtful too! The big bundle which she brought stowed away in the wagon seemed to contain just the things Hester Leach most wanted, and the table-cloth was nearly too good to be true.

"You are too thin, Hester," Annie said, "and you've been working much too hard."

"I have been working hard," Hester admitted, "but I shall have all the winter to rest in." She turned away from the subject and said, "Gabriel says that Donald has not bought his farm a day too soon. The C.P.R. shops have come to Macredie, have they not?"

"That means fortunes for us all!" cried Annie.

"I have been wondering," Hester said, "what one does with a fortune on the prairie."

"Perhaps it won't be a prairie for very long! What about a motor car, Hester, and a fine house with bathrooms?" She looked round the bare little room as she spoke.

"I hope my furniture will come before the winter sets in," Hester said, following her look.

"Donald has been doing his best about it, and the last telephone message he had, said it was on its way."

"I have a piano and a bookcase full of books. Annie, what shall I do if it doesn't arrive before the winter snows begin?"

"Remember you are to have me on a visit!" Mrs. Spens said. She was to go to her new home and put it in order, and then return to Macredie to await the arrival of a small person whom they always alluded to in a sort of fond joke as McGinty.

"I will rest several days with you, if I may," said Annie, "so be prepared for a troublesome visitor."

"I would like to have everything in order before you come."

"Well, Donald says you will be quite safe to send down for the furniture in a day or two: it's sure to be there."

It was sad to part with Annie, but she looked very happy driving away over the gray-yellow prairie with Donald beside her, and a big wagon of household goods going on in front.

"Mrs. Leach looks tired," Donald said, when they had left the door.

"I don't believe she ever had a duster in her hand at the Vicarage," Annie answered. "Although she was kept

busy looking after the old gentleman there were always plenty of servants about the house."

"She's getting quiet," said Donald; "Leach could afford to take her home for a trip if he liked, and I hear that he may have to go to England in connection with the sale of some land."

"Oh, he ought to take her," said Annie, "the trip home would do her good."

Hester heard the news of his possible departure from Gabriel himself. "I'll have to go to England before very long," he said; "there's no other way I can do the business."

When she found she was not to go with him she said with a burst, "I can't possibly go—I can't leave Annie." That saved her pride. Afterwards, in the solitude of the night, she lay awake and said to herself that she had believed Gabriel was growing fond of her. She was startled at the word she used, and added, "he was always fond of me."

"I'll get your furniture over before I go," he said, and one day he drove away in the wagon and returned with great cases containing tables and chairs and pictures and boxes of old fragrant linen, and even some curtains for the windows.

"I couldn't bring your piano or the bookcase," he said, and, in her disappointment, she cried out more sharply than she knew, "Oh, I must have them." She heard the cases were far too big to move and to transport so many miles, but even then she said almost piteously, "Those were the things I wanted most."

He told her subsequently that he had got a good price for them from the new depot-agent. "I couldn't know," he said, "which were the things you would want most, so I sold the two heaviest." And indeed, it would have been difficult to bring them from the station.

There was altogether too much furniture, and Gabriel pointed this out to his wife in excuse for having left the two big cases behind. "You couldn't do

with more," he said once more; "you couldn't do with more."

A piano and a table were the same things to him; they were both pieces of furniture.

She decided to furnish the little empty room with the extra furniture that she had. It would serve as a drawing room for her, when the hired men were in the house for so many meals, making the atmosphere heavy. Gabriel moved everything for her. He was a man who worked deftly, for all his size, and he had a curious habit of doing everything just as Hester directed him, without comment of any sort. On the farm, he was considered masterful despite his quiet ways, and shrewd about his money.

The nights were getting cold now, and the principal work of the autumn was finished. Gabriel began to pay off most of the men. Even they looked tired after the autumn race to save the harvest before the snows came. The house became empty: the encroaching silence drew near again.

Once a lonely figure appeared on the empty prairie and increased in size from a little speck till a tall and slender youth came and knocked at the door. Hester went and opened to him, for no one was in the house but herself. The boy was good-looking, with gray eyes and a clear complexion, but he was thinner than he should have been.

She asked him if he had come far.

"I have walked a good bit," he said.

"Ah! You are from the old country," exclaimed Hester.

"Yes."

He was talking with an accent which she had not heard for some time. She bade him sit down, and he did so without awkwardness although he was only a tramp looking for work.

"They told me at Macredie that you wanted extra hands up here. They finished threshing where I was."

"We have nearly finished too," she told him, "but"—for she was willing

to detain the youth—"I think we might find you something to do."

"I am stronger than I look," he said.

When she began to cook the dinner she fancied that the smell of it increased the look of hunger in the boy's face: she went and fetched him bread and some wholesome food, the remains of the men's breakfasts, and brought it to him where he sat on one of the chairs in the living room, dangling a ragged hat between his knees. He rose when she came to him, and she liked his mannerliness and had half a mind to ask him news of home—the boy was so evidently English, and his speech was gentle. But she knew it was not the way in Canada for anyone to tell his family history or his own history either. Perhaps it was better so: there were many histories that had to be forgotten in Canada, and where no one spoke of the past it was not invidious to keep silence about it.

She came from the kitchen again, with an excuse prepared for speaking to him, and she found that he had fallen asleep with his head upon the table. She moved more softly about the house as she prepared the men's dinner. She set the common spoons and forks neatly upon the table, and saw to the boiling of a gigantic stew and the making of a pudding: it was always rumored that the hired men on Leach's farm were made very comfortable. He woke up when she was lifting a heavy pot, and offered to move it for her.

Gabriel must certainly find work for him, but it would be kinder still to provide a day's rest since the boy appeared so tired. She gave him dinner when the other men came in, and wondered whether Gabriel disapproved of his presence or not. He said nothing: she never knew what he thought or did not think.

After dinner the boy asked him for work, and was refused. Hester made up a little bundle of food for him, and in the packet she placed two English sovereigns which were her own.

But first she went to the Galician hired man, and asked him if he could not find a job for the stranger.

"He'd better pike it," said the Galician.

They were the same words that Gabriel had used. No one was likely to take a hired man who was not wanted, out of charity. Not even the men who had worked well last year were taken on in preference to others. There was no sense of old service anywhere. No one had an old servant. The men demanded high wages; living was dear, they said. Some day, when Canada had enough men to do its work, things might be different.

Between master and men there was not only no sympathy, but not the barest feeling of reciprocity. If an employer was peremptory the men quitted. If the men were idle they got the sack. If a hand was not wanted he was not hired.

As the boy walked away from the door Hester noticed that he was wearing an old Eton tie.

When the first snow came it was ugly. The ground was a drab-yellow after the harvest had been gathered in, and the snow came in November—a grayish snow, drifting across the drab-yellow. Hester used to watch it from the window—there was not much to watch, and Gabriel said he had better get away before a heavier fall should come. They kissed at parting, and she said to herself, "He is fond of me, he is very fond of me." He made many arrangements for her comfort during the time that he would be away. There was a big pile of wood in the yard, and a well-filled store cupboard with shining tins of potted provisions. He had dragged a bag of flour and a bag of potatoes into her little sitting-room—there was plenty of room for them there—and she did not tell him that they spoiled the room. In the

corner of the kitchen there was a huge barrel of water standing close to the stove where it would keep thawed, and he told her that when the snow came high up to the panes of the window, she would be able to lift out the sash from the inside and fill a bowl from the drift and melt it for drinking purposes—the water in the barrel would taste stale after a time.

On the last night of all he told her what he would do when he had made his fortune. "The thing's as good as settled now," he said.

She wanted to talk about the six or eight weeks of loneliness in front of her, and said, "I hope I shall not be frightened."

"I am leaving the Galician," he said. (He had never even inquired the man's name.)

There were two horses in the stable which the man would look after, and he would see also to bringing her wood and to re-filling the cask of water. He would do jobs for her, but he was not to be trusted alone. Some one always had to be on the farm looking after things, otherwise everything went to waste and money was dropped.

"I'll have Annie's visit," she said, willing to look on the bright side of things.

"Spens 'ull need to take his wife down to Macredie sharp," Gabriel said, "the snows 'ull be heavy this year."

"I hope there won't be any wolves," she said.

"There'll be the little coyotes when the cold comes, but they won't hurt you."

"I suppose Donald will bring Annie down in a sleigh?"

"Yes; I'm told he's getting a sleigh ready up there."

She gave her husband some little commissions to do for her in England. "It is strange," she said, "to think of your seeing London and the shops."

"London is where I'm going to clean up the dollars," he said; "there's plenty lying about there, I've heard."

She told him what he must go and see, and how beautiful some of the old buildings were.

"Maybe I'll have time to see some of them," he said.

The last thing he did for her was to fix a heavy blanket, like a curtain, across one of the windows—"You'll be all right," he said.

After his departure the snow came very thickly. It had not begun to drift yet, but fell silently, persistently, and with a sort of plaintive obstinacy. There seemed to be no upward toss of the flakes: there was no wind: the snow simply fell to the ground and remained there.

It fell for two days, silently, heavily, and then the sky cleared, and the Galician hired man dug out paths across the yard, and she went sometimes to see the two horses in the stable and to hear the sound of a human voice.

There were many things which she had not been able to do during the busy harvest time, and these occupied her now continuously. There were things to put in order and sewing to be done. She did some repairs in her neat-handed way, and washed and rearranged the common china which had been put back carelessly on the shelves. When all her little jobs were finished she used to stand a good deal by the window and look out. Once or twice she wrote long letters home, to be sent at the first opportunity that offered itself. The weather was not so very cold yet, and the dazzling purity of the white snow with the sun upon it was wonderful to look at. She cooked meals for herself and the hired man, and once she asked him if she might mend his clothes and do some washing for him. He slept in the little lodge in the yard, and kept himself busy by fetching wood and

looking after the team, and keeping tools in order and the machine in repair. He dug more paths in the snow too, and brought fresh water into the house. Once she heard him singing about his work, and that day did not seem so long as some of the others. For other company there was a little cloud which she used to watch in the sky which always came up before sunset—a long, trailing cloud in the limitless arch. There was very little of outward incident in her life except the coming of the cloud which always seemed to bring a message with it. The sky fitted down close upon the prairie, but the gentle dark cloud on the horizon came in from somewhere outside—she never knew how it came. She always stood in the window and watched for it.

"There's my cloud," she used to say.

When the days drew in shorter and colder the cloud became more than a mere visitor—it had something heavenly in its coming. She was not forgotten so long as it appeared. Like those who trust God's mercy because of a rainbow, she seemed for a time to lose her sense of loneliness when the soft trailing cloud appeared in the sky. Once she made a little hymn to it, calling it "Cloud of my soul," in imitation of Keble's verses. Even in the unspeakable silence of the night she used to comfort herself with the thought that God sent His angel daily to her to tell her she was not forgotten.

There were some balls of worsted in the house and some knitting-needles; she looked often at them, but always put them on one side saying, "Perhaps the solitude will become worse some day, and then I shall begin my knitting." The knitting was saved as hungry men save provisions against a worse day of need.

The gloom settled in the sky, and there came another heavy fall of snow. She said to the hired man when he came

in to tea, "I have not seen my cloud all today."

"It's all cloud," he said in his lisping fashion.

"But there's one particular one," she said, "which comes up in the sky just before sunset. I didn't know until I learned to love it, how dependent one is upon familiar things. There's very little that is familiar here."

"You are strange to it," he said.

"I suppose there's something about us all," she went on, "which makes us long for the same thing to happen every day, or every week. At home we hardly know how much we should miss the postman's daily call did he not arrive so punctually, and on Sundays we should feel a positive sense of calamity if we did not hear the church bells ringing."

The hired man ate without speaking.

Every week she gave him his wages, and thought how absurd was a symbol of barter in a place where barter was impossible. He always thanked her for them, and seemed glad to have them.

There was still Annie's visit to look forward to, and she thought with a speechless longing of the joy that the young mother would have, and of the sense of companionship that the child would bring. Annie and Donald probably did not know that she was alone, and she had no means of getting a word conveyed to them, but when Donald would bring down the sleigh with his wife in it, she thought she would beg them to send some one to her, even if it was only Fletcher's little girl at Macredie. Once she thought that twenty-five miles would not be an impossible length of walk for a man, and she asked the Galician if he could make the journey for her.

"Not in this snow, of course," he said, and smiled.

She sat at her window long that afternoon watching for her heavenly

messenger, and when it came she called to the man outside to come and see it too. She said to herself, "Perhaps it is not real, perhaps it's only my fancy," and she wanted the foreigner to say that he saw it, as men who see visions ask for some sort of corroboration of what is plainly visible to them.

"It comes every afternoon," she said to him, and he answered, running the letters together in a shuffling way, "That's the C.P.R."

"But it can't be in Heaven," she said; "it's everywhere in my world here. We are going to be rich when it comes, we are going to have houses and company; we shall never be alone when the C.P.R. comes here, but that little cloud comes out of the sky."

"Afternoon train far away," he said. "It's not cloud—it's smoke."

She was his employer, and he was pleased to find her wrong. He went out smiling to himself.

On the next day she began to do her knitting. If she worked only two hours a day at making socks they would not very soon be finished. She sat near the window, for the sky was heavy again, and the hired man told her that the snowfall would be blinding and the cold very great. He brought huge piles of wood into the house and filled the water-barrel with water, and stored the stable with hay and filled a barrel of water there, too, for the horses. He piled wood against the side of the house, and made his own little lodge secure.

When the snow came it was a blizzard. The thermometer dropped. It seemed incredible that it could go any lower; the sky was dark and the small fine snow fell ceaselessly. Hester put more blankets on her bed, and drew it into the living-room and placed it near the stove. She began to fear that she might let the fire go out while she slept, and the haunting thought kept her alert through the nights. There was nothing

now to do but to eat what was necessary and to keep warm. One morning she woke to find that the snow had blocked all the windows, and she sat all that day in darkness until the Galician came with his spade and dug his way to the pane. The cold was intenser than she had ever imagined it could be: once, when she opened the window to fill her bowl with snow, it seemed to catch her breath for a moment. She looked at her store of provisions, and knew that they would last her well—she had not hunger to fear, but the cold terrified her. When the snow ceased the thermometer did not rise, and one of the horses was found frozen dead in the stable. The hired man gloomed all day, and when the second horse fell sick he sat with his head between his hands thinking and grieving. When the weather cleared, and the powdery snow was firmer, he put on a pair of snowshoes and walked away. He was always afraid of Gabriel.

Hester did not know what time he left, but she saw the tracks of his shoes for a long way over the prairie, and he never came back; she did not know what became of him. She did what she could for the sick horse—made mashes for it, and applied such simple remedies as she knew of. The deep-cut path between the house and the stable became trodden by her, and in the bitter weather she walked backwards and forwards when she could.

The hours passed horribly slowly in the house. She fetched her knitting, and unraveled the socks which she had made, and re-knitted them. She knitted and re-knitted until the wool grew thin.

When the sun shone again it showed her the dome of heaven like a round cover shutting her in. She only knew that she had to make up the fire punctually—if she grew ill, or even if she slept too long, the fire might go out. She

made herself say verses aloud from all the poems she could remember, for a terror came upon her that she would forget the sound of human voices if she did not speak. She used to walk up and down, lilting the rhymes of her childish days, and she worried beyond measure if she could not remember the sequence of the ten little nigger-boys and their tragic fates. She kept the horse alive, and spoke to it sometimes in the stable. Morning and evening were very much alike, and so was mid-day too. She carried the logs, and boiled water and made tea sometimes, otherwise there was nothing to do. At night time she used to hear the little coyotes about the yard, and, being a timid woman, she lay and trembled. There was a gun of her husband's in the rafters, but she did not know how to load it. She had her two or three little devotional books, and she read them aloud and found a certain comfort in them. Some day the winter would end, and some day the Spenses would arrive. She wondered if they would be able to drive in the unusual depth of snow, and she became anxious about Annie. Then the days grew fair again, and she knew they would come soon. She used to stand every day for hours by the window looking for them. And then one day Donald came, but he came alone. He had his sleigh with him, and bade her get into it; and all the time she never dared to speak of Annie, because she knew from his face that Annie was dead. She put a few things in a bundle, and put on some heavy wraps and locked the door, and got into the sleigh beside him. Its runners scrunched on the snow, and the sun shone brilliantly overhead. Once he said to her, "I did what I could for her," and she thought she must have forgotten what the sound of human voices was like, because his sounded so strange.

After they had traveled for a mile or two he began to speak again, but the

awe of what he had been through was upon him, and he was not consecutive in his talk.

"She ought to have started sooner," he said, "if it hadn't been for the snow. She ought to have got down to Macredie more than a week ago." He remembered to say to her even in his anguish, "You will have been waiting for us, Mrs. Leach."

"Yes," she said, "I have been all alone."

"She fretted over that," he said, and, remembering all her goodness, he wept unrestrainedly, and the tears froze upon his cheeks. Hester sat beside him, and did not weep at all. She thought her heart had grown as cold as the land about her. She did not think that solitude had made her callous: she only felt that Annie had escaped from under the closely-fitting cover of sky that closed down so tightly on the prairie, and that she envied her.

But when she got to Annie's house, and saw all her dear, familiar possessions and Annie herself lying upon the bed, her grief spent itself tempestuously, and as her tears fell Donald became silent again. She noticed that he did his work about the house mechanically, but that he made up the fire too constantly. Perhaps grief had served to make his physical cold almost unbearable: he kept piling logs on the fire, and sat all night tapping them absently with the poker and shifting their positions now and again. Once he went to a room at the back of the house and fetched a great root, the size of an elk's head, and put it on the blaze, and stabbed it fiercely, and then dropped the poker and watched it burn itself away, sitting with his chin in his hands.

The next day he told her he was going away—going home, going anywhere. He would take Annie down to Macredie, and give her a decent burial, and then he would get on board the

train and go away. It didn't matter to him where he went.

He stayed with Hester the following night. When they arrived at the door he took his wife's body from the sleigh, and brought it out of the cold. Annie lay in Hester's little sitting-room all night, and her husband slept there too, and on the following day he harnessed his horses to the sleigh again, and drove away over the snow.

Hester went back and tended the sick horse. But for the sick horse she would have cried out to Donald to take her back to the little cluster of wooden houses at Macredie. She knew she had to look after the horse, and she had never questioned the inevitableness of duty. Gabriel had told her to take care of his things. She watched Donald disappear, and turned back to the interior of the house again.

Grief for Annie numbed her for a time. She did not even feel terror at nights now: there seemed something so much worse than terror, and that was losing Annie. She made up the fire and kept the horse alive, but she no longer knitted her socks or said any little rhymes as she walked up and down the house. She supposed some day, not very far distant now, Gabriel would return. When Donald managed to send a letter out to her from Macredie from her husband, saying he was detained in England longer than he expected, she sat with folded hands and watched the sky. The preparation of food became mechanical, but the fire had a life of its own: she looked at it for hours together, and then went and looked out of the window.

Perhaps the spring was not very far off now—she did not know. She wondered if, when the spring came, the sky would lift and let her out. In the clear weather she saw the faint smoke of the far-distant train on the horizon again, and she clung to the thought that there were men and women

in the train—men and women looking eagerly out of the windows—men and women eating dinners in the restaurant-cars—men and women saying that the prairies had a charm of their own—men and women talking of the free, wild life of the West.

"I wonder how it gets out—I wonder how the train gets out," she often thought. She sat and wondered much about it. When the spring came the snow would melt, and the walls of the sky would melt too—it would be easy enough for the train to get through when the spring should come, but there, over where the little thin black cloud was, how had the train pierced and penetrated the walls?

Donald had said there had never been such a winter as this: she piled more wood on the fire and sat beside it, and watched the flames leap and heard the wood crackle—the fire at least was alive in the midst of the solitude.

The house was quite tidy when Leach arrived there. Hester had everything very neat about her. The bed was made in an orderly manner, and the sheets were clean: all the little arrangements of the house were scrupulously exact, even her shoes were brushed and the crumbs were swept from the carpet. She came to the door to meet him, and he told her that his fortune was made, and that the branch line was begun.

"How will it get through?" she said.

He told her once more of the town that was to grow up where they stood, and of the prices promised him for town-lots, and she asked him more about the matter than she had ever asked him before.

"Will we ever get out?" she said, and then she told him she was puzzled because only the C.P.R. ever got through the walls. "It's a magic train," she said, "only I think we ought to be let out too."

She spoke less than usual in the months that followed—people on the prairie have not much to talk about. The spring work had begun with its rush of labor, but afterwards there was the pause which comes before the harvest, and Leach took his wife down to see the doctor at Macredie.

Already the station was a place of some considerable size, and buildings were growing up everywhere. There were advertisements of tobacco on all the hoardings, and flaring posters about chewing-gum. In great letters on a newly-built house was written, "Bert Jackson's Saloon. Billiards." There were two quick-lunch rooms, and on both sides of the railway line were houses set down indiscriminately, and made of unvarnished wood. The Spenses' old house looked quite small

and shabby beside the new ones, and it was evidently used as a depot for the forwarding of goods. The wheat elevator had begun to be active again in anticipation of its autumn work, and some old trucks which had stood for very long on the siding were being used as shelters by men working on the railway. The population of the place had increased sevenfold—many other places were increasing much quicker. Some people said, "It will be another Winnipeg in miniature."

Gabriel owned half the place: he was called Boss by all the men there.

His wife saw the doctor, who kept her at Macredie for several days, and then Leach took her in the train to Brandon, where the Asylum is.

S. Macnaughtan.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE GERMAN MEMORANDUM.

England has learned with gratification, but with no surprise, that America will not recognize Germany's monstrous pretension to a right to sink armed merchantmen at sight. She will not, it is now announced, even regard the *Lusitania* controversy as closed until Germany gives her assurances that the new submarine policy will not endanger armed liners carrying Americans. It was inconceivable that under any President she should acquiesce in this new and general development of "frightfulness." It was doubly incredible that she should lend it even her passive sanction under the President, who is awaiting reparation for the destruction of the *Lusitania*, and who founds his claim to it upon the broad ground that acts of the kind violate the fundamental principles of natural right and of humanity which are the very basis of international law. Senator Elihu Root, the Secretary of State in the last Administration, and Mr.

Wilson's keenest critic, sees that in the long run the peace of America, as well as of Europe, depends upon these principles. "The great and decisive question," he said last week in his speech to the New York Republican State Convention, "upon which our peace depends, is the question whether the rule of action applied to Belgium can be tolerated." Mr. Wilson has consistently taken his stand upon the same unchanging doctrine since the issue of the German Memorandum of February, 1915. He protested then against her threat to destroy enemy merchantmen within the "war area." He has protested again and again since that date against outrages committed in execution of that threat. In the series of Notes on the destruction of the *Lusitania* which he has dispatched to Berlin he has insisted upon this view of right and wrong with a clearness of conviction and a force of words which have constantly increased.

The new German Memorandum, delivered, it is said, at Washington simultaneously with the draft by which Germany hoped to "settle" the *Lusitania* controversy, is merely an extension to all waters of the very threat which Mr. Wilson reprobated as inhuman and illegal when it was applied to the "war area" alone. His condemnation of the first Memorandum necessarily involves the condemnation of the second. Both violate the principles which he declares to be inviolable. The only material difference is that the new Memorandum proposes to violate them everywhere instead of within a limited zone. If the old Memorandum was lawless and wicked, the new Memorandum is lawless and wicked too, but lawless and wicked upon a larger scale. The fact that the menace is now limited to ships alleged to be carrying guns does not render it less lawless or less wicked. By international law, laid down by American as well as British Courts and sanctioned by Congress, merchantmen of all classes, whether passenger ships or freighters, have always had an undoubted right to carry guns for defense. That we have recently shown on the authority of Chief Justice Marshall and of the Act of Congress of 1798, which authorized American armed merchantmen, not merely to resist but to attack enemy ships. The pretended restriction of the threat to armed merchantmen is no protection whatever. The Germans would assume any vessel to be armed which they desired to sink, just as they alleged falsely that the *Lusitania* was armed after they had sunk her. There is no escaping the truth of the proposition affirmed by Mr. Wilson that the use of submarines against merchantmen manifestly involves "an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity."

Some of Mr. Wilson's political opponents think that his foreign policy,

and in particular his attitude towards Germany, are good subjects for attack in view of the coming Presidential election. That is a matter for them to decide. We can assure the American people that most Englishmen do not think it politic or in good taste to assail or to ridicule the heads of friendly nations. We regret the publication of the cartoon in last week's *Punch*, both because it is a departure from the usual and salutary British practice of restraint in this respect and because we do not think it is quite fair to the President. We do not deny that to many Englishmen, as to many Americans, his acts have not seldom seemed to lag behind his words. But Englishmen who have even an elementary knowledge of American politics and of American opinion are well aware that the difficulties which surround him are very great. Above all, they have at no time questioned the sincerity and the earnestness of his professions. They believed him when he declared in a recent speech in New York that, deep as is the love Americans bear to peace, there is something they love better still. They love better the principles on which their political life is founded: they love better their convictions and: "those ideals which are the staff of life for the soul." A few days later he complained in Chicago that America's reasons for remaining neutral had been cruelly misjudged on this side of the Atlantic. The misjudgment, he said, showed a failure to understand the very fundamentals of American life. That failure would have been very grievous, but, so far as the British race is concerned, it does not exist. Mr. Wilson has been mistaken. We understand well that in Americans as in Englishmen there is a deep strain of very earnest idealism, for all the seeming hardness of their quest after material things. Americans are devoted to peace as we are, and their remoteness from

the scene of action with their absorption in domestic affairs has prevented large classes amongst them from realizing how imperious is the moral necessity which has driven us into war and impels us to fight that war out to the end. Did they see the issue clearly, they would see that we are fighting for ideals, and that these ideals are their own not less than they are ours. They are the "staff of life for the soul" for us as for them. They are the rights of humanity, as these rights are understood and venerated by all English-speaking peoples. That is why no

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compromise and no patched-up peace are possible for us. But while all this is clear as day to us, we know that it is not yet equally clear to all Americans. Far from misjudging them, we understand and respect the hesitation and the doubts of some amongst them, as we rejoice in the hearty support of a large and growing number of their fellows. But until that support becomes outspoken and general, the embarrassments which beset the Government must be grave. They are fully appreciated in this democratic country.

OUR SOLEMN DUTY TO BELGIUM.

That Belgium stood in the pass during the first weeks of war, opposing her little force to the most thoroughly equipped military Power of modern times; that she served for a shield and fortress for the whole of the Western Front, saving Paris and making it possible eventually to draw our lines in earth and steel from the Vosges to the Channel; that she thereby attracted to herself all the worst horrors of war as those horrors are declared and practised by the butchers of Aerschot; that she has lost in the Allied cause every rood of ground, and has for eighteen months been systematically looted and exploited by the invader; that she has rejected and continues to reject every kind of offer from the enemy, and clings to her sole remaining possession—which is her honor—these are no more than the facts, the chaff and dry bones of indisputable history. We have, indeed, so thoroughly mastered and accepted the story of Belgium's part in the war that we are in some peril of beginning to regard it as a legend, as a thing which has passed. Belgium's heroic stand in August, 1914, has begun to rank as a finished chapter

in the world's book of great achievements, to be regarded as something apart from present reality. It, therefore, is necessary now and then to pause and realize that Belgium's part in the war from Liege to Antwerp remains to this day one of the chief determining and operative motives of our politics and strategy. It is not a legend, it is a factor of this present war to be kept continually in mind. We have, to the end of the war and all through the period of settlement, to keep in the front of our minds all that Belgium has dared and suffered. These things are not a tale that is told, but our own immediate and urgent concern.

The invasion of Belgium was the event which united all parties in this country in a resolution that the war must be fought, as Mr. Asquith has phrased it, to the last drop of our blood and the last penny of our wealth. Belgium held the pass on the explicit understanding that she would be righted and avenged to the full extent of our power. Our honor and prestige are engaged to the hilt in the righting of Belgium. No later responsibilities, no new task to which we may set our hand

can come before our primary intention in this war—which is to obtain for Belgium full reparation, and to free her not merely from the occupation, but from all influence, direct or indirect, of the invader.

Belgium stands, in time and honor, at the head of the European nations which, in August, 1914, were leagued together to save for themselves and their heirs the liberty to breathe. Rarely in history has so conspicuously heroic a part fallen to any Sovereign as the part which was then accepted without hesitation by King Albert. He had every excuse for declining it. History would not very harshly have dealt with the Belgian King and his people if they had refused the audacious and, as it might well have seemed, extravagant decision to resist the German claim. Any Government might well quail before exposing its people to total ruin for the sake of a few weeks' delay to the plans of an enemy—an enemy whose power was clearly adequate for an immediate and a crushing employment. How easy it would have been for the Belgian Government to protest against the passage of the German armies, to keep the letter of neutrality and retire from a contest plainly unequal. Prudence might plausibly have urged a hundred reasons why armed resistance was quixotic and absurd. To what advantage could it be to stand in the path, to be bludgeoned aside and be treated, in revenge, as a helot or hostage for the whole period of the war? Why should Belgium sacrifice herself to delay those German armies which the guarantors of Belgian independence were themselves unready to meet? Belgium could hardly be supposed to have agreed with the rest of Europe that in the event of war with Germany her own people should delay the enemy by offering themselves up to massacre.

Thus King Albert and his counselors might plausibly have argued—and thus

they never for one moment consented to argue. Belgium stood in the giant's way, undismayed by his Fee Faw Fum and all his apparatus of vile terror and mutilation; and Belgium has paid the price in full for this heroic decision. The full extent of the German terror in Belgium, the systematic pressure, brutalization, and robbery—carried on from day to day without respite or remedy—will not be realized till, after the war, we come to reckon up the total losses of the Belgian nation. Hitherto we have thought more of the first foul period of outrage and massacre than of the wearying months which followed and persist to this hour. We have to put these two phases of the occupation together—the butchery and rape of the "conquest" with the *peine forte et dure* of the "administration"—in computing what Belgium has suffered in this war. Then we have to reflect that Belgium has incurred all this for the sake of no material gain, in virtue of no absolute bond which she might not, with a little shuffling, have safely repudiated—but for the sake, quite simply, of her honor as an independent nation.

This is a story which will remain ever fresh in history—a story we must ourselves keep in mind even while we are making our own history, on a bigger scale than ever before, elsewhere than at Liege and Louvain. Our original purpose holds. Belgium has to be restored and indemnified. That is the kernel of our task. The war which began with the wrong done to Belgium and our impotence to avert it must end with so full and so apt a righting of the wrong that no Power will be readily tempted to enter upon its like again.

The Allied leaders have lately reminded us that they are unreservedly agreed as to this. The late renewal of our pledge to the Belgian Government that a full reparation will be required of Germany for the wrongs of

Belgium as the first fruits of an Allied victory is fuller and more significant than any which preceded it. It provides that the Belgian people shall be an immediate party in all the peace negotiations, and that the Allies shall secure not only the military evacuation of Belgium, but a definite and practical extrusion of German influence. Germany is working hard today that she may keep a commercial and financial grasp upon the territories she now occupies even after the armies have been withdrawn. It will be our duty to see that when the German armies cross the frontiers of Belgium the Belgian people are freed of all their fetters. They must be free and able to build up their country anew in absolute independence. Germany has to hand back to Belgium more than her acres. She has to hand back the loot—the loot which stands for all the credit and trade she has destroyed or has planned to turn into channels which flow towards Berlin and the German banks.

Meantime Belgium continues under a heel which presses harder as the war wears on. As Germany feels the pinch at home she more systematically robs the conquered. The British For-

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sign Office has lately allowed supplies of raw material to reach the Belgian factories in order that Belgian industries may still continue to exist. But it has been found impossible to continue these supplies. Everything which reaches Belgium gets ultimately into the thief's hands, and is used for war purposes against ourselves. Unless we are to prolong the war and put off the day of reparation these imports must cease altogether. They do not benefit our Ally, whose industries are nothing more than the milch cow of her oppressor. There is in Belgium today no security of personal honor or private property. The remedy lies in a full and absolute redemption of our pledge to Belgium. This will remain to the end one of the prime motives of our struggle with Germany. It is not the sole motive of our quarrel. We had other obligations, and we should have been disgraced if we had watched Germany invade French territory by any route whatsoever. But that does not affect the strict accuracy of our statement that it was the wrong done to Belgium which literally "raised" the British nation. The righting of that wrong would be a sufficient motive in itself for fighting this war to a finish.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

To understand the theatre of the Russian operations in Armenia, it is more than usually necessary to study a map which (unlike most of those in the newspapers) shows contours. Armenia may be generally compared to Switzerland; only it is larger, and the mountains are higher. The general direction of nearly all the more important ranges is not north and south, but east and west. They are like so many walls dividing up the country into comparatively long and narrow compart-

ments. Erzerum is in a central position on the central wall, and its capture facilitates the occupation and control of compartments north and south of it. The fall of Mush means the overrunning of a compartment farther south again. South of this runs one of the most continuous walls of them all—the great range of the Armenian Taurus, of which the westward stretch from the Persian frontier to the Kharput-Diabekr road is nearly 250 miles long, with only one considerable crossing

in that length, the pass of Bitlis. South of the Armenian Taurus comes the vilayet of Diabekr, with the upper waters of the Tigris, and south of this again comes the last of the mountain walls, the Amanus range nothing like so high or so continuous as the Taurus, yet a considerable military obstacle. Nisibin, to which the railway from Aleppo is said to have been completed, and which (if so) is the nearest Turkish railhead both to the Armenian fronts and to the main Mesopotamian depot at Mosul, lies on the southern slopes of this last range.

Now the Russian movements hitherto reported are all on the northern side of the Armenian Taurus. There has, indeed, been a rumor that the Turks are evacuating Bitlis, and if this is followed by its actual capture by the Russians, the position will be somewhat different. Even then, it will be seen, our Allies would have a long way to go and another range to cross before they began to interfere directly with the Turkish line of communications to Mosul and Bagdad. Unless the forces at the Grand Duke's disposal are much larger than it is reasonable to suppose, he is unlikely to adventure far in this direction. It is more probable that he will make his main advances westward, pressing towards Erzingan and Kharput; for in that case his progress and communications are comparatively easy, and the high mountain walls protect his flanks. If the Turks attempted a flank attack with troops brought up from Nisibin, the natural obstacles would tell heavily against them, particularly if the Russians held the Bitlis pass.

Turkish reinforcements may be summoned from any of three directions—from Constantinople, from the army massed against Egypt, or from Mesopotamia. The hope has been commonly expressed here that they may be withdrawn from Mesopotamia, and

so ease the pressure on our forces there. That result of the Russian victory would certainly have its satisfactory features, but it would be still more satisfactory to learn that we have been able so to strengthen our Mesopotamian front as to render a Turkish withdrawal impossible. Presumably, we knew beforehand of the Grand Duke's advance, and took at least some measures to co-operate with it in our sphere. Be that as it may, it is obvious that Marshal von der Goltz's great relief expedition to Bagdad made the Russian victory possible, just as the locking up of the main Turkish army in the Dardanelles prevented the Turkish invasion of the Caucasus last summer. Whatever be the case in other theatres, there is no doubt that in Turkey by far the heaviest brunt of the fighting has fallen on the British armies.

Reinforcements from the army collected to invade Egypt would come by rail to Nisibin; reinforcements from Constantinople would take the railway to Angora, and thence march to Erzingan by road, a matter of five weeks' tramping. According to the Russian papers, a force was sent off from the Bosphorus several weeks ago, when the Turkish front was broken; but they differ as to its strength. There does not seem much chance of its reaching Erzingan before the Russians do. Reinforcements from Syria to Nisibin might arrive much more quickly if sufficient rolling stock is available, but as we have seen that is not likely to be the decisive front. Moreover, the force collected to invade Egypt is sure to consist largely of Syrian and Arab elements accustomed to a warm climate, and the whole of it will have been equipped to meet the semi-tropical conditions of the Sinai desert and the Suez peninsula. To hurry such troops off, just as they stand, to the intense winter cold of the Armenian mountains is the sort of folly that a Turkish Pasha

might commit, but a German general would think twice about. Besides, if the Russians advanced to Erzingan and Kharput, so that the whole of Armenia north of the Taurus fell into their hands, the position of a large Turkish army based on Nisibin would become very dangerous. And if it had been constituted by depleting the Syrian forces a landing of the Western Allies in Syria might intercept the flow of supplies and munitions to it altogether.

It seems probable, then, that the Russians will devote their first efforts to overrunning Armenia and consolidating their hold on it; that the Turks will draw most of their reinforcements from Constantinople; and that they will not arrive till Armenia is conquered. What, then, would result from the conquest? Armenia is the "key" to Asia Minor and Syria in the same sense as the Alps and Tyrol are the "key" to Provence and North Italy. It does not follow, above all, under the conditions of modern trench warfare, that the districts opened up will be successfully invaded. Still, it will throw Turkey almost entirely on the defensive, and she may have to draw in her horns for that. At a certain point it would be necessary to abandon Mesopotamia, lest in trying to defend it she might lose Syria-Palestine too. The Turco-German schemes against Persia and the Persian Gulf now look a long way off. The scheme against Egypt is not in much better case. The crucial element in the

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problem will be Turkey's resources in men. She must depend on her own; there can be scarcely any question at this stage of employing German infantry in Asia. All figures about Turkish losses and resources are very conjectural. But she must have lost heavily in the last month, and her Dardanelles casualties probably equaled ours; while the heavy losses of the 1912-13 war are still recent. And she has anything but an unlimited population to draw upon. The total figure for the Ottoman Empire is about the same as that for Hungary alone; but for military purposes enormous deductions must be made from this on account, not only of the subject Christian races, but of semi-barbarous Moslems like the Kurds and Arabs, whose military value is usually very subsidiary. The population from which the justly renowned Turkish infantry can be obtained is, at the outside, half the whole, and the weight of every war and campaign falls on it. We have in this journal repeatedly ventured to express the view that the present war from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf is one, and the conquest of Turkey an integral and important part of it; but that the way to effect that conquest was to attack Turkey not at the heart, but at the extremities, taking full advantage of her lack of internal communications. This way is the way of Armenia and Mesopotamia, on which the Allies are at last successfully embarked.

FATHER BERRY.

Amongst the English men and women made prisoners in Serbia by the sudden invasion of Austria, Germany and Bulgaria is one of the most interesting figures of the surgical world of today. He was organizer and chief of our unit, and we called him "father" for short.

To the Serbian wounded we were all "Brat" (brother) or "Sestra" (sister), and so the nickname grew of itself as it were; but certainly his genial manner and intimate interest in the most trivial affairs of our great family helped to evolve it. Even on board ship in

the chops of the Channel, Mr. Berry—who was blessed with a pair of sea legs—would hunt the sisters and V.A.D.'s of our mission into a group, plump himself down, and open a book with a firm air.

"Now, then, we'll have a little Serbian lesson." The seasick ladies would groan, but, being too ill to escape, endured twenty minutes or so of Serbian discourse, the uncouth syllables of which only added to their distress.

It is here necessary to solidify this strange character by drawing his portrait. At first sight he is a spare, thin, bearded man with a limp, but on closer examination one sees that the limping leg has a queer boot with irons about it; his eyes are keen, and his nose hawk-like. He has a cleft palate, which renders his speech often very difficult to understand. This was the chief trouble of the Serbian lessons. In a short while the members of his mission were hunting for corners of the ship where their leader should not find them.

Mr. Berry is a great archaeologist, and with him we visited Maltese remains and Athenian ruins. On the Acropolis he knew far more than the guide—that was soon evident—and he started emendating and correcting the guide's statements. But the guide had his lesson by rote. If he stopped he had to start all over again from the beginning—besides, who was this impudent stranger, anyhow? So it ended in a duel, and those who were hungering for information had to go empty from getting too much. Ourselves he could never understand. He could not see that to certain types of mind the problems and life of today can be of more interest than the relics of past civilizations; and I always suspect that he thought we were less artists because we would not try to emulate his love for the shadow of a dead yesterday. His interest in the past has taken him into queer places. Serbia

he had already traveled with Mrs. Berry on bicycles—for, in spite of his withered leg, he is an ardent sportsman, climbing mountains and going long walking tours in competition with the youngest. Every summer it was his habit to speed off into the unknown with his wife, hunting adventure—"off the map," as his stay-at-home friends called it. In his busy life he has found time to master several languages, though his physical defect in speech often renders them rather difficult to understand.

One day at our hospital an officer was to have an X-Ray examination of his interior, and for this it was necessary that he should take three doses of castor oil, one each succeeding day, the examination to be on the fourth. Mr. Berry undertook to make this plain, and the officer left carrying with him the doses. The next day we observed an emaciated green figure staggering up the drive. It was the officer.

"Good heavens! What has happened?" we cried.

"I have taken the doses," he said.

"What?"

"One after each meal, as the Gospodin Professor told me."

We will draw a curtain over the horror with which he heard that he had made a mistake, and he had yet two more doses to take.

"I can't think how he did not understand," said Mr. Berry later. "I told him in three languages."

Almost immediately upon his arrival in Serbia he realized that the chief problem was going to be sanitation, and, flinging aside surgery, he plunged into questions of drainage and cleanliness with an ardor which astounded the Serbians. Villages had always smelled—that was one of their functions—why alter it? Vrntze is a watering place; it boasts two natural hot sulphur springs, and was fast becoming the chief health resort of Serbia. But

that did not prevent accumulation of garbage in the main street, mud eighteen inches deep in all the side streets, and a pestilential swamp which was called by courtesy the yard of the "State" cafe, or "Coursalle." The town engineer—whom we bribed with boots—had a sewage pump, but would not let the hose thereof be used for fear it would wear out. The sanitary inspectorship, however, was in the hands of the chief of police, a lazy man with political influence. Whenever he felt disposed to leave the cafe and do a little work the engineer was occupied, and *vice versa*; so things were difficult till Mr. Berry exerted his strength, and pitting himself against the relatives of the chief of police—there were no police, however—got him sacked and a more energetic man put in his place.

The slaughter-house of this health resort was a filthy and tumble-down shed built over the stream which drained the village, its hospitals, baths, and market place, and in this water the meat was well soused before it was dispatched to the butchers. The walls of the shed were caked with the blood of ages, yet the meat was hung up against them with the innocence of happy immunity. Mr. Berry decided to build a new one, a model. Some of the money was subscribed from Liverpool and the rest Mr. Berry generously found himself. Immediately a fierce quarrel arose between the State and the Commune as to who should possess this treasure. The State said it was theirs, because they had the jurisdiction of all bathing place slaughter-houses. More shame to you, commented we. The Commune claimed that the land was theirs, and they'd be d—d if they would have a State slaughter-house put up on their grounds. Had Mr. Berry been a less forceful man the project would have fallen to the ground between the combatants; but he found a way out, gathered together a gang of artisans

from the Austrian prisoners, and set to work. The walls were up when the Austrians commenced their invasion, and one of Mr. Berry's great anxieties was lest the building should suffer if they came to Vrntze. In a little seaport on the Adriatic coast travelers told us that as the Austrian troops entered the village Mr. Berry and an assistant were seen hurriedly nailing boards on to the yet uncompleted roof.

He earned also the nickname of the "window smasher," for before the first patient was admitted to our wards he broke all the upper windows with a broom.

"That'll keep 'em ventilated," he said. It did. On snowy days we had to rush in and pull the patients from beneath the blizzards which invaded the ward, but much of the health of our mission can be ascribed to this simple feat. The native hospitals were all pale blue fog within from long accumulated atmosphere, and the stenches were unbearable. I am not surprised that Serbian women refused to nurse in them. But whenever the wind howled down our corridors, and banging windows rattled glass down upon us, the word was passed round that "Father was at it again."

The Serbian Government sent a special high bemedaled official to inspect our works, and at the close of an arduous day he bowed low and offered Mr. Berry a colonelcy in the Serbian Army. "Father" hesitated a moment, and then in perfect innocence answered:

"I'd sooner be made sanitary inspector for this village."

Mr. Berry by sheer force has climbed to the greatest heights in his profession, and humanely determining that future generations should not suffer as he has been forced to suffer, he first specialized in those ills with which he himself is afflicted. He is also one of the most famous operators for "Goitre," and

performed his thousandth operation on that disease just before his departure for Serbia.

A good story of his quiet sense of humor is told in the hospitals. A young student coming up for examination, and seeing Mr. Berry standing near the door, mistook him for the case on which he was going to be examined. Hoping to get a pointer, he came up to the famous surgeon and slipped half a sovereign into his hand.

"Poor old chap," he said, "what is the matter, eh?"

"Infant paralysis, club-foot, and double cleft palate," answered Mr. Berry.

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Within, the student was horrified to find that he had been bribing his examiner; but Mr. Berry, after the examination, handed him back the coin, and said that he was glad to be able to pass so generous a youth.

We have heard that his mission is being well treated by the Austrians; one of the V.A.D.'s even wrote that they were having a "ripping time." But this lady is a follower of Tolstoy, and her ideas of "ripping" do not always coincide with the generally accepted significance of the term.

Jan Gordon.

THE ONE THING EXTRA.

The vast majority of men and women do not desire any very radical change in their lot. We are more fundamentally content than we think. Most of us, indeed, would be quite content if we had but one thing extra. The one thing may be anything from money to religious experience, from the quieting of a secret fear to the enjoyment of social precedence, from the power of artistic achievement to a son. If we could know in the case of every individual of our acquaintance what that one thing is, we should know a great deal about him or her. The extra thing is probably the key to character. Very often, perhaps most often, it is a very simple, at first sight a very mundane, matter. We want a little larger income—an extra ten shillings a week, or an extra hundred a year, or an extra five hundred, as the case may be. A working woman, the wife of an unskilled laborer who has successfully brought up her family upon an income never going above the poverty line, confessed to the present writer that the dream of her life was double wages—just that, and all else as it was. What she truly desired, of course, was not

money, but an easement. Had she had the courage to leave all else as it was, to live, according to her original standard, comfortably instead of uncomfortably, probably a pound a week dropping from the clouds would in truth have filled her cup. But it is most unlikely that she would have done it. A professional man in an analogous position would not do it either. With his altered income would come an altered standard of life. The change appears to be mechanical and inevitable. There must be some little devil who sits down below whose business it is to sour the delights of the financial one thing extra when by any chance we do get it. He simply changes the semblance of the one thing; just crosses out a figure and puts down a new one, and smiles at our faith in happiness. But on second thoughts is he really a devil at all? Is it not really a good thing, is it not one of the best traits in our national character, over which he is keeping watch and guard? We are the richest people in Europe, yet we are not a soft people at all. Whatever the present war proves, it may be considered to have proved that. We

set a great many things above comfort when it comes to the point. "Yes," we hear some one say; "ostentation, for instance." The present writer is inclined to admit this impeachment. From top to bottom in England there is no class which is quite indifferent to show. As soon as a woman has money enough to have a comfortable kitchen, she wants an uncomfortable sitting-room as well. As soon as she has enough to be really comfortable in a small house, she wants a larger one. As soon as the larger one can be run without the slightest contrivance or anxiety, she wants two. How far it is she, and how far it is her husband, who is responsible for this constantly changing standard of life we should find it hard to say; probably it is the inevitable result of living in a strictly graded society which has been cleansed of the caste system. Anyhow it is, we are sure, arguable that this omnipresent desire for what cynics call show does save us from corruption. We all know a few people in all classes who are without it, and they are happy; but are they the sort of people who do much good in the world? Yes, if they are upheld by the nobler forms of ambition, but not else. "How sensible and how comfortable they are!" we exclaim when we meet them. But do they not live to be comfortable? And is not that worse than living for even a petty form of success? They feel, no doubt, a deep contempt for the ignoble strivings of other men. They lead what is called "a padded life." Whatever they had—outside extreme poverty—they would live in a sort of luxury. They are never ridiculous, but we doubt whether they are any nobler than the people they despise. At any rate, if their example were to be largely followed, it is doubtful whether the race would improve.

It is a truism to say that we are not a grudging people, and we think it is

certain that the poor do not—in any large numbers—begrudge the rich. There is, however, a disagreeable sign of the times which is likely to be accentuated in an era of compulsory economy. A good many of the rather rich do grudge "extras" to the poor. They hate to see them stretch out their hands to obtain the adornments of life, forgetting that for many temperaments unnecessaries are necessary—to happiness. They are roused to what they think righteous indignation if on going into a shop to buy some not altogether necessary article they find a poor woman there upon the same errand. She may be choosing those flimsy yet effectual barriers between the home and the drama of the highway which are called lace curtains, or she may be buying for her Sunday dinner the expensive meat which they buy and eat fourteen times a week; perhaps she may even be buying for once a more expensive piece than they allow themselves twice a day. "Everything is done for the poor," they sigh, "and nothing for the middle class." They would be insulted were the obvious remedy to be suggested to them. They do not really mean what they say. They only mean to grumble, but they ought to be ashamed to do it. When millionaires sigh and say they are no happier than we are we all laugh, think them unconscious hypocrites, and make facetious offers to change places. This is how we also deserve to be treated in our turn by the poor.

Apart from money, which is often only a symbol in the mind of any but a miser (who is a madman), we believe that if the "one thing extra" desired by us all could be revealed, it would in almost every case be something good. A very large proportion of the feminine population ask only to be relieved from the dread of drink. This may be a conclusion worthy of a temperance tract, but will any person well ac-

quainted with the urban poor seriously dispute the contention? After all, facts are facts, quite apart from their novelty or palatability. The "differences" between men and women are exaggerated. Nowadays feminine and masculine types overlap. Most of the generalities spoken of "men" as a race and "women" as a race are nonsense. Here, however, is a big cleavage. Men always loathe a drunken woman, and therefore there will never be very many. Many women can continue to love a drunken man, but they always fear him in his cups. Deliverance from fear in some form or other is, no doubt, the one thing extra which would make many men as well as many women happy; but their fears are different. For instance, very few women dread financial ruin, and we should say that fewer men than women feel their happiness permanently impaired by the fear of serious illness.

If we knew the desire of every man's heart, we should perhaps be amazed at the prevalence of humility. It is such a beautiful quality, but it is one which only flourishes in secret. Among people of marked talent we should say that some increase of mental gift is very often the "one thing extra" that they long for. No stupid person sets any value by mental attainments. Artists, we imagine, set the most. An able man of affairs does not crave

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to be a little abler in the way that the painter, the writer, and the musician crave for a little more of the Divine fire. An untold number of people would give anything to be a little more able to please, and that in no ignoble sense. The passing generation longs to please the coming generation, longs with "the fierceness that from tenderness is never very far." How many men would be quite happy if their sons loved them a little better or thought just a little more of them? How many women wince continually under the patronage of their daughters? The one thing extra they desire is the confidence which is refused them, and which perhaps they could not understand. They think sadly of the time when they possessed their children, and realize that, if life is short, the best part of it is shorter by half. Definite moral gifts are, we think, seldom very ardently desired for a man's self. To thousands of mothers a moral gift for a child is the one thing extra that would make them happy; but though we are assured constantly in sermons that we ought to desire them, it seems contrary to human nature to be much obsessed by the thought of our own improvement. We have heard a few persons declare that to be better is what they desire in the next world, but they almost always admit that they do not very greatly care whether or no there is one.

HENRY JAMES.

Whatever the gift of a work of art—beauty, truth, understanding, happiness—we can discover its virtue and significance only by a comparison, conscious or unconscious, with what is ours already. Experience of life is the balance wherein we weigh what the day brings, whether it be a book, a dream, a desire, or a disillusionment. The weights for the balance are the

mere faculties we possess, however indifferent they may be. We are bound to put our trust in them, since they are all that we have; our one responsibility is an anxious and continuous effort to remain true to their findings. For this very reason, nothing becomes more desperately clear in any attempt to appreciate Mr. Henry James's work than the realization that

our ordinary scales and weights are inadequate. The difficulty of fully understanding a book is mere child's play, of course, by comparison with the difficulty of writing it, and every man of genius lends to some degree the light whereby we see his achievement. But the light of genius usually differs from that of most minds only in intensity; it piercingly illuminates what is dimly visible to all. As regards Mr. James's fiction and criticism not only the comprehensiveness of its particular scope swamps one's own small personal experience and line of adventure, but its ever-rarefying quality, its ever-deepening originality left most critical faculties relying at last for their keener exercise almost solely upon the edge that his own whetstone might give to them. That fiction invariably invoked the finer sense; but for how much of it were we indebted to the invocation! To realize this entails no vestige of modesty—counterfeit or real. Even his admirers—and no author ever more gravely and generously invited and won a more jealous and grateful devotion—have occasionally taken refuge from such a comparison behind the apparent obscurities of his style. But the idiom of Mr. James's language is not difficult to learn. Even when it is most abstruse, it is abstruse not so much because its form is elusive, but because its content is. That style became more and more idiosyncratic; approached nearer and nearer, as Mr. Hueffer has pointed out, to a copious, involved, labyrinthine talk—to that best kind of talk from which, indeed, "the best writing has something to learn." With some authors such an increasing idiosyncrasy has been the flourish of self-emulation. In this case we feel that it was only in order to keep pace with the enlarging forms of consciousness it had completely to express. But if Love at times is a little doubtful of its way in the later novels and in the

reminiscences, Faith need not abandon us, nor its handmaid, Docility. Always in study of Mr. James's work the river of intelligence is at full tide and richly burdened, though we may also frequently realize that so far as we are concerned the sea has certainly not emptied itself.

These books, too, were the deliberate outpouring of an experience not only superabundant in volume, but extraordinarily rare in kind. The "small boy" of Mr. James's enchanting recollections was omnivorous, like most small boys, but from his earliest years he appears also to have distinguished between every dish that life's perpetual feast presented to him. He was both glutton and exquisite epicure. Most mature minds find it difficult to return at all to the banquets of early youth, and even when they succeed discover that the board was sparsely spread and the fare unmitigatedly simple. But the more one reads of poetry and fiction, the more evident it becomes that the still and lucid atmosphere in which the truly imaginative flourishes is that of dream; and childhood is in a sense a dream, disturbed by nightmare maybe, from which consciousness gradually awakens. In that visionary atmosphere everything that Mr. James wrote is suffused. When he demanded of memory the savings which life had entrusted to it, when as artist he sought the materials which he had all his days been instinctively treasuring up for an unforeseen purpose, it was not as with most writers the difficulty of making the most out of the little that was his ordeal, but that of freeing himself from the embarrassment of a too much.

It was a cumulative difficulty, and the reiterated triumphing over it was an ever more and more extraordinary achievement. Even in his latest work it seems as if his imagination were prepared and in wait, as it were, for a

long-deferred voyage into the dreamed of but unexplored, since till that moment its energies had been devoted only to the complete exploration of the known. "What was *I*, within and essentially," he asks himself in his "Notes," "what had I been and could I ever be, but a man of imagination at the active pitch?" And, again, what had all his sedulous labors as recorder, interpreter, and creator been but "a cultivation of the absolute in taste, as taste?"—a taste which was engrossed in the distinguishing appreciation of the rarest, the queerest, the secretest, and the finest that earthly existence has to offer. His passion was for truth, and truth cannot be bludgeoned into obedience. It is of infinite gradations and complexities, and the full and fresh expression and simplification of them is part and parcel of "the beauty and dignity of art." He took for granted the mere rudiments of thought and feeling. He detested "great glares." Whatever positive violence of action his characters may commit themselves to, that action is always viewed through contemplative eyes. No characters in fiction are more real in this close imaginative sense, but like the delicious spectre of Mr. Cuthbert Brush they are never "just anybody in from outside." Mr. James's interest indeed, in vice and virtue, in manners and conduct, begins where that of most men and of the majority of novelists leaves off. If we desire violence, the primary colors, the richer romance, the more wanton humor, moral calisthenics, intellectual pyrotechnics, the denser passions and real rank Crime we must go elsewhere. There is almost as little Nature in these novels—though what there is is well nigh matchless in atmosphere and beauty—as in the eighteenth century. Their wit rarely ranges beyond the lightest raillery and irony, their profound loving kindness will seem austerity itself to the sentimental, and he

whose eye is ever on the last small wicket in hope of catching a glimpse into what lies beyond it will seldom see it move on its hinges here. The usual sequence of thought, too, as expressed in writing, is, compared with his, like that of the single notes of a melody compared with its orchestral setting. We may prefer to hear nothing but the plain clear tune. Inherent in that tune no doubt may be a thousand subtle harmonies. Appreciation of it is as genuine an aesthetic delight. But though devotees of "The Golden Bowl" need find no less grace and happiness than does the rest of mankind in "The Pilgrim's Progress," and may even, after the enslavement of "The Turn of the Screw," be relieved by the thrills incident to a candle in a turnip, they are entranced by Mr. James's work because it gives—besides what it has in common with that of all great novelists—what no other novelist has given with a juster balance, a finer insight and sensitiveness, and so lovingly minute a veracity. For the most part both his novels and shorter stories insist, not by direct inculcation, with no fractious intrusion of "moral" or "lesson," but through the complete and complex presentation of a spiritual conflict, that in the silence of the mind, in the secret and tempestuous solitude of the heart, we are one and all the mortal champions of immortal causes. Most tenderly, perhaps, they guard the innocence, or the naivete, of a true simplicity. They are representative in terms of human character, in its folly and weakness, courage, endurance, compassion, aspiration, of all that makes a secure, civilized, cultured life difficult, dangerous, blessed, and lovable. They reveal a fellow-creature as rich in every quality that makes our earthly existence gracious, equable, and consistent, as he was indefatigable in the practice of an art that never faltered in its obedience to a severe ideal. His

was surely a personality of the old school which rarely at any time, and still more rarely today, has turned out so representative a scholar. Nothing became him so well as his own best short story in real life—when he gave to England in the day in which she herself broke out face to face with the most perilous crisis in her history the finished work of a long and devoted lifetime, and offered it with a gesture as noble as it was spontaneous. In art, as in life, there is ample room, and some kind of a hospitality, for every conceivable

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gift or talent. What this great writer stood for was that inmost integrity of mind and character which is unmoved by neglect, unweakened by caprice, undeterred by difficulty or disappointment. His living example was of inestimable value to English literature. Not all his fellow craftsmen may have admired his work without question or reserve, but there can hardly be one of this generation who has not profited, and will not continue to profit, by his example, or who would not have worked and dreamed the better for his praise.

Walter de la Mare.

FOLK-POETRY OF THE SERBS.

“One travels the world over to return to Serbia” is an old Serb saying, and it illustrates the Serb’s impassioned love of his native country. We are strongly drawn to a consideration of this country now, by reason of its heroism and its sufferings. Even the part played by Belgium in the present war must not blind us to what Serbia has done and endured; we cannot forget that the land is one huge wound, torn by warfare, racked with disease, stricken with dire poverty and famine, yet it remains undaunted. Such, more or less, has been its condition and its history since the Serbs first appeared in the Balkans somewhere during the seventh century. If we turn to Serbian folk-song, we find that much tragic memory has always been associated with the battle of Kossovo, when the Sultan Murad acquired the right bank of the Danube. Many of the people after this disaster fled to Hungary, taking their Christianity and their folk-traditions with them. There are however literary relics of earlier date than this, such as the twelfth-century rhymed chronicle by a priest of Duklja; but it is the folk-song of the country that has most value. The Serbian

language is not an easy one, and it is given a more remote aspect by being written in the Cyrillic alphabet, like the Russian, to which it is somewhat akin. In differing forms it is spoken by the Croats, Dalmatians, and Slovenes. Every nation begins its literature in ballad and lyric, oral productions of the wandering minstrel or tale-teller, which always precede the more self-conscious literature of culture, and which are generally slighted and neglected when more classic or conventional forms arise. But the time comes when men are drawn again to the early and primitive utterance, attracted by its simple force and passion, so that a classic age has almost always its romantic reaction—most often at a time when the true romantic is beginning to fail in everyday life, and when the old tales, the old ballads are loved because of their growing rarity. It is rather curious that this revival took place in Slav literature a little earlier than it did in England. In 1756 a Dalmatian monk, Kacic-Miosic, produced an anthology of Slav poetry at Venice, and although not distinctly Serbian, the poems that he collected (or partly composed) were of the same family and

embodied the same traditions. He was very much of a Macpherson in his ideas of editing, but his collection was valuable nevertheless, and drew the attention of German and French scholars. This publication was earlier than Macpherson's *Ossian*, which first appeared in 1762, and than Percy's *Reliques*, which appeared in 1765. Other collectors followed the steps of this pioneer, but it was not till 1881 that England was truly introduced to this branch of Slavonic literature by Madame Mijatovics. The common rhythm of early Serb verse was that trochaic eight-syllable measure which we also find in the Finnish *Kalevala*, and which Longfellow happily borrowed for his *Hiawatha*. It is specially suited for rapid narration, though not perhaps for description or reflection; it allowed freedom for the reciter's own improvisations, and is easily susceptible of alliteration. These folk-songs deal largely with the national heroes and the great historic struggles, with the superstitions of the peasantry, their religious emotions, and their human "mirth and tears." They were particularly abundant in the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which should certainly come into the possession of a newly formed Serbia. Failing the original, it is best to read there in plain prose renderings, which is the best way also with Homer for those who do not read Greek; but it has always to be remembered that prose must necessarily sacrifice much of the charm of poetry, as we may realize if we try to render a favorite lyric of Shelley or Wordsworth in simple English prose. Yet no rhymed versifying in a foreign tongue can take us so near the original: "O beautiful maiden, why dost thou hide thyself from me? Do not hide thine eyes from me: I may know thee by thy sheep. Thy sheep are white, with marks on the white. . . . O beautiful maiden, hide not thine eyes from

me. I know thee by thy tall figure, slender and tall like a green palm. O beautiful maiden hide not thine eyes from me! I know thee by thy white face. Thy face is white, ruddy on the white. I will take away thy kerchief, look at thy black eyes, and kiss thy white face." Given the attraction of its native verse, it is easy to see how lovely a trifle like this may be. In another ballad we read of a girl who goes on the battlefield, long before the days of Red Cross labors and trained nurses, to bring help to the wounded:

The maiden of Kossovo rose early,
She rose early on the Sunday,
On Sunday before the bright sun;
She tucked her white sleeves,
Tucked them to her white elbows.
She carries white loaves on her shoulders
In her hands two golden goblets,
In one cold water,
In the other ruddy wine.

She wanders over the field strewn
with dead and maimed; she is specially
seeking for three warriors, but for one of
the three in particular:

Where she finds any living
She laves him with cold water,
Sacramentally she gives him the red
wine,
And feeds him with the white bread.

But the three have fallen heroically
for their country; lances stuck in the
ground point out where they fell:

She went to her white house,
And mourned from her fair throat—
Ah, sorrowful one, what a fate has come
to thee!—
"If, hapless woman that I am, I touch
the green pine,
Soon will the green tree be withered."

Prominent in the folk-lore that comes into these songs we naturally find the "vila," that strange malicious sprite which is so peculiarly Slavic—quite unlike the capricious, but generally

kindly, fairies or pixies of our own folk-stories. In one Serb ballad the hero has broken his arm, and the doctor who comes to cure it is really a "vila" in disguise. Before accomplishing the cure he demands his fee—the mother must give her right hand, the sister must give her ribboned hair, the wife her pearl necklace. Mother and sister cheerfully do what is required, but the wife refuses, and the sufferer dies. The three women bewail him—one with continuous groaning, the other at every dusk and dawn, the other occasionally when she remembers to. This moaning, which is the Irish keening, in Serbia, is known as "cuckoo-ing," for the cuckoo's cry is supposed to be that of a sister for her lost brother; and the sister's love in these countries is imagined to be deeper than the wife's. It is obviously impossible in a few words to

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give any idea of the true wealth and beauty of Serb folk-songs. Ancient though many of them may be, they still speak for the people, and are near to the people's hearts; they have not been driven out by the cheap educations and veneers of modern civilization. They are entirely Slavic, though of course lacking the curiously psychologic tendencies of recent Slavic prose; yet they have an undoubted kinship to all other folk-poetries, especially those of the East. When peace has come to this much-suffering land when her strifes and wounds are healed, when conscious literature has again a chance to emerge, we may hope that what is best in these traditional treasures will never be forgotten, and that Serbian writers will ever be as human, as sincere, as emotional, and as imaginative.

Arthur L. Salmon.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Master Skylark," Mr. Edgar White Burrill's small five-act play "based upon Mr. John Bennett's book of the same title," might almost be called an epitome of the spacious time of great Elizabeth. In its 175 pages it introduces Gloriana herself, wonderfully ruffed and jeweled, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Gaston, Carew, Master Player of the Lord High Admiral's Company and his fair daughter Cicely. For its background, it has Greenwich Palace, Newgate. Shakespeare's rose garden at New Place, and a tavern-room in Coventry, and well-individualized mechanics and servants of the species perennial in Britain for its chorus. The story has been so widely read since its first publication that the play will be generally enjoyed without much preliminary study of the program thoughtfully furnished by managers, and the plot is simple, although it

provides a sufficient number of situations in which the fate of the most interesting persons is as doubtful as was the fate of gentle and simple in the good old Tudor times. One excellent singer is needed for Master Skylark, but the part fits either boy or girl, and the elder personages may be equally well presented by children. Mr. Burrill's stage directions are full and good, and two versions of the fifth act are provided, the second somewhat abbreviated, and therefore more useful when the performers are amateurs. The costumes of the day are correctly shown in eight of Reginald B. Birch's excellent pictures. The Century Co.

Fleming Stone, the detective of Carolyn Wells's creation, reappears in "The Curved Blades," to solve the mystery surrounding the death of a rich, ugly and eccentric spinster whose

breakfast-tray finds her sitting stiff and cold before her mirror, wearing two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, with a green paper snake about her neck. Her niece, companion, and private secretary, as well as a French count who has been paying court to her, are all objects of suspicion. One false clue after another is followed to a futile end, and we travel from the Long Island country-house to the desert around Cairo before the secret is disclosed. Fleming Stone's method is seen at its best in the interview with the maid which leads to the tracking down of Bates the burglar. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Swift, compact and illuminating. Mr. W. O. Pitt's volume on "Italy and the Unholy Alliance" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) compresses into about two hundred pages of moderate size a review of the so-called Holy Alliance, originating in the quaint paper framed by the Czar Alexander, and the part which it played in European politics a hundred years ago; and traces the relations of European Powers since that time, their attitude toward the aspirations of Italy, the means by which Italy was virtually forced into the Triple Alliance, her just reasons for breaking with her partners, and the motives and hopes which inspired her entrance into the present war. The narrative is rapid, but graphic and well-proportioned.

"Count your many blessings" is the watchword of Mary Settler, the heroine of Sumner Locke's "Samaritan Mary," and with it the story begins and ends, for she offers it with equal generosity to the cat, to the victims of a motor-car accident, and to a sufferer from pneumonia. But she gives more than good advice, bestowing charity and hospitality when opportunity comes, and even giving alms to the needy although her purse is slender and shallow and her creditors are unmerciful. Her reward comes late in life but it satisfies her, and its very tardiness is an artistic touch,

setting the little story above the level of simple comedy. The hero, Q. L. P., is landed in certain lilac bushes, accompanied by his motor car, a frightened horse, a young woman whom he does not see, a wagon-load of vegetables, and a bag, and is found to be entirely oblivious as to his reason for being in that place, or in that companionship. When enlightenment comes, he behaves with spirit and gallantry and is ably assisted by Samaritan Mary, who so arranges matters that he is made permanently happy, in spite of a second accident, the result of Q. L. P.'s own wilfulness. The author's strong point is in the conversations which he makes idiomatic, and witty, humorous and pathetic by turns, without exaggeration. The farcical characters whose mouths are always open either in conversation, greediness or astonishment are as innocent as Hannah Ellen, the cat, or her uncounted kittens. "Samaritan Mary" is excellent diversion for days in which the captains and the kings are over-active. Henry Holt & Co.

Out of the intimacy of personal acquaintance, and with the enthusiasm of an ardent admirer, Dr. C. Kerofilas has written a sketch of the life and work of Eleftherios Venizelos, which is published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is of moderate size and graphically written; and it throws light upon the character and career of the brave Greek statesman who, though for the moment in retirement, represents the real wishes and aspirations of the Greek people more than any other man. His whole career, from the time when he led the Cretan insurgents and stood by their flag before the assaults of the Great Powers, down to the present crisis, has been marked by signal ability, indomitable courage and the finest patriotism. M. Take Jonesco former President of the Council of Roumania, furnishes a warmly-appreciative Introduction.